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THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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VOL. 36. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1901. NO. 44.

16 PAGES.

Mr. Dennison Preaches.

The Rev. John Dennison, a theological student in the Crozier Seminary, occupied the pulpit of the First Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday night. His sermon was thoughtful, practical, Scriptural, was delivered in good voice and with an earnestness of manner denoting true sincerity. It was heard with marked attention and was the subject of much favorable comment from those in attendance.

Searching for the Dead Bodies.

This morning the railroad officials at Williamsport started a new plan to search for the bodies of the men that went down with the engine into Lycoming creek. A force of men under Henry Coder will search along both shores of the river from Williamsport to Sunbury in boats and on foot on a lookout for the men.—Lock Haven Democrat, Dec. 18.

One Body Recovered.

Lycoming creek has given up the body of one of the men who went to death on Sunday with the ill-fated engine and train that plunged to destruction with the wrecked Philadelphia and Erie bridge, and some little comfort is given the sorrow-stricken wife and family with the knowledge that a Christian burial and a known grave will now be given the man who died at the post of duty. Brakeman John B. Horley's body was recovered from the creek at just 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, as the result of the first systematic effort on the part of the railroad people to find the dead.—Williamsport Bulletin.

Geo. R. Vosburg Dies in Oregon.

The DuBois Courier, of Friday, contains the following account of the death of George R. Vosburg, a former well-known Cameron county lumberman:

"It was with much surprise that the people of this community learned yesterday morning of the death of George R. Vosburg, which occurred at Portland, Oregon, where he had spent much of his time the last ten years, or since Mr. DuBois began investing in timber lands on the Pacific coast. The announcement occasioned deep sorrow as well as surprise. It was not generally known that he had been ailing especially of late, although he had within two or three years commenced to yield to the burden of old age bodily, while he retained the vigor of spirit which made him a positive quantity with the co-workers who carried the axe of civilization on to the Sinnemahoning waters half a century ago, and on to the head waters of Sandy Lick a quarter of a century later.

Born in Broome county, N. Y., his life became one of achievements. When he was but little more than 20 years of age, back in the fifties, he came to Driftwood, Cameron county, then known as 'The Fork,' where he became the representative of people having large lumber interests in the vicinity, and conducted for a number of years the first post office established there. While so situated he became the associate of Soloman Mix, who is one of the oldest men in the employ of Mr. DuBois; Samuel Brobst, now of Los Angeles, Cal., W. E. Johnson, now of Punxsutawney, the late A. W. Gray, and many others still remembered by the oldest people on the Sinnemahoning waters.

Dr. Willitts' Lecture.

WACO, TEXAS, Dec. 1897.

It was Full of Brilliant Wit and Stirring Oratory.

Before an audience which filled the Y. M. C. A. Hall to overflowing last night, Dr. A. A. Willits delivered the fifth lecture of the excellent Star Course series provided by the Association. His lecture was entitled "On the Wing," and from its opening to its close he swayed his hearers from bursts of laughter to delighted wonderment as the brilliancy of his wit flashed upon them in terse, sparkling sentences, or the sublimity of his descriptions of stirring scenes full upon their ears in an eloquent flow of measured periods. Dr. Willits' description of the English Channel was quite enough to rank him high among humorists, while the pathos of the picture he drew of the battle of Waterloo bespoke the talent of an orator whose peers are few.

At the Court House, Friday evening, Dec. 27th. The third attraction in the People's Star Course. The lecture to be given by Dr. Willitts will be entirely new, his list of subjects being large.

Such a fine line of Iron Beds and Bedroom Suites, Chiffoniers, Sideboards, Combination Desks and Couches, Rocking chairs without number, has never been seen in Emporium before Call and see them before the pick is taken.

GEO. J. LABAR. Fourth Street, Opposite City Hotel.

Don't Forget It.

While enjoying yourself during the Holidays please bear in mind the annual ball of Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, at opera house, Dec. 31st. Excellent music by Sutton's Orchestra.

The Turkeys.

Sixty-eight turkeys were distributed to the widows of Emporium. The PRESS hopes all may enjoy the feast and accept the compliment in the spirit in which it is intended.

Dr. Willets' "On The Wing."

The subject of Dr. Willits' lecture, Friday night next will be "On the Wing." This is regarded as the equal of any lecture in his varied repertoire and its delivery will insure an evening replete with interest and pleasure. Hear Dr. Willits' next Friday night.

Baptist Church Notes.

Preaching morning and evening, by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Pugsley. Morning—"The Gospel of the Kingdom." Evening—"Pilate's Wash-basin." Bible School at the close of morning worship. C. E. Crandell, Superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E., Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening, at 7:30. All welcome.

Found Dead.

William Mahon, aged about 60 years, who has resided in Shippen township for several years, was found lying in Day's barn, West Creek, last Saturday, dead. "Billy" has been a town charge for some time. His remains were taken in charge by Mr. B. Egan, undertaker, and prepared for burial, under the supervision of Shippen Poor Masters. The deceased was a veteran of the civil war and a pensioner. He was his own worst enemy.

Handsomly Remembered.

About one hundred of the employes of W. D. Johnson, in Cameron and Elk counties, desiring to show their appreciation of that gentleman's kindness to them during the year, have purchased a very valuable diamond shirt stud, costing a few hundred. The present will be given to Mr. Johnson this evening and no doubt the generosity will be appreciated. We had the pleasure of seeing the handsome brilliant.

A Wonderful Stock.

Miss H. L. Raymond's establishment has grown to such popularity with the people of this county, that it is now considered in the same light as Wanamaker used to be in Philadelphia. Her stock of goods this year are far larger than any previous year, more varied and beautiful than ever before. In every department there are hundreds of handsome and useful articles hat will make your friends happy. Call and see the handsomest line of goods in this county.

The Bazaar.

The Rummage Sale and Bazaar was liberally patronized. The booths were beautifully decorated and with their tempting array made a strong appeal for generous patronage which was accorded. The oyster supper was praised for its excellence. The music furnished by the Emporium band was most excellent and had an enlivening influence upon all present.

Through the kind efforts of Mr. Clarke the large hall was comfortably warm, and in short the entire affair was the success its promoters expected it would be.

The Rogers-Grilley Recital.

It was a large and delighted audience that heard the Rogers-Grilley Recital at the Court House last Saturday night, zero weather and the rush of the holiday season making little difference in the attendance. Artistic merit marked the entertainment from beginning to close. Mr. Grilley's work as impersonator bears the stamp of a master, while Mr Rogers' Harp Recitals were beautiful tone pictures, taking deep hold upon the hearts of his auditors leaving behind them pleasant memories to be cherished in days to come. The Recital was an unqualified success and well sustains the reputation of the Star Course for the excellence of its offerings.

Fountain pens, purses, money books at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Toys for the boys, toys for the girls. A full assortment of games, blocks and mechanical toys to suit everybody at H. S. Lloyd's.

CHRISTMAS SALE OF MILLINERY.—We are offering our entire stock of trimmed hats at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out this season's styles.

MRS CAVEY,
MISS GUINN.

[Copyright, 1901, by Joel Benton.]

One blazing star in Bethlehem's sky,
Bringing to all their hearts' desire,
Close linked with human destiny
Shall never from its place retire.

In Asian lands it had its birth—
The Magi saw it and were glad;
Hope to the stricken souls of earth
It brought—and they, no longer sad,

Welcomed the message burdened light
Which came to unexpecting eyes;
The shepherds on the hills at night
Saw the new portent with surprise.

Above the manger where it stood,
By the meek oxen, open eyed,
It rose with rare beatitude,
And all the world was glorified.

So let glad bells in concert ring—
Tuned instruments lift up their voice—
And to unnumbered millions bring
That theme which makes the world rejoice.

If life grow dark and joy is not
And all our dearest dreams deceive,
Still comes to palace, home and cot
The heaven blest hopes of Christmas Eve.

Fatal Accident.

Our citizens were horrified early Monday morning to hear that Daniel J. Downey, aged 30 years, son of our respected citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Downey, was fatally injured while jumping from a freight train, opposite P. & E. passenger depot at this place. Young Downey, it appears from what information we are able to secure, went to Sterling Run and was returning home on the freight that arrives here at 2:30 a. m. In attempting to alight he lost his footing and fell under the wheels of the train, crushing both legs. The injured young man dragged himself a distance of twenty feet from the track, at the same time called for assistance. John Smith, one of C. B. Howard Company's employes was the first to reach him, when he requested that Dr. Bardwell be sent for. The trainman, who noticed the accident, wired from Howard Siding to Junction for help. Mr. Newton hurried the yard engine to the scene of the accident and with the aid of others who had gathered by this time, carried the injured man to the Warner House. Drs. Bardwell, Smith and Heilman having been summoned they took the young man to the home of his parents on West Fifth street where both legs were amputated—the right above the knee and the left below. This was about 4:30 a. m., but the shock was too great and reaction not having set in the lad died at nine o'clock Monday morning.

The terrible shock to the family, who had been sorely afflicted in the death of their youngest son about two years ago, can easily be imagined and our citizens deeply sympathize with the heart-broken father and mother.

The deceased has been in the employ of C. B. Howard Company and always was considered one of their most reliable men—always at his post of duty and never missed a day. His kindness to his parents is spoken of on all sides by his co-laborers and employers. His untimely death is deeply regretted by our citizens.

The funeral services will be held from M. E. Church, Thursday after noon at 2:30 o'clock, under the direction of Hamilton Hose Company, of which deceased was a charter member. Rev. O. S. Metzler, pastor of Methodist Episcopal church, will officiate.

Deceased carried a life insurance policy in New York Life for $1,000 in favor of his parents.

Over eighteen years in business gives us a good idea what the people want and we have it, with prices away down. Call and see us.

GEO. J. LABAR.

Our stock of books for the holiday season is the best and most complete we have ever shown. Call and examine the stock. H. S. LLOYD.

No Paper Next Week.

We issue a double number of the PRESS again this week and hope the efforts of the PRESS will be appreciated by our readers. The expense incident to the effort has been no small item, yet we are pleased if we shall, in a measure, retain the good wishes of our patrons. There will be no paper issued next week, yet the office will be open for the transaction of business.

Wishing our patrons and the people of Cameron county generally a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we remain yours to please.

THE PRESS.

Maj. I. B. Brown's Candidacy.

Maj. Isaac B. Brown, who during the past fourteen years has so faithfully and efficeintly filled the responsible position of Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs, in the following letter to the people, says:

"Another claim which I submit ought to be seriously considered, is that of location. I reside at Corry in the county of Erie. This county and the counties of Crawford, Mercer, Venango, Forest, Clarion, Warren, McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk, Jefferson and Lawrence, constituting northwestern Pennsylvania, are practically the northwest quarter of the state's territory, and yet there is not one of the Chiefs of Departments of the State Government who resides in any of the counties above named. All the State officers, including Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Auditor General, State Treasurer, Secretary of Internal Affairs and other heads of departments, including also the fourteen Justices of the Supreme and Superior Courts of the Commonwealth, reside outside the territory of these counties.

"I, of course, cannot claim to represent all these counties, but I speak of existing conditions which argue in favor of naming one of our State officers from that quarter of the State."

Major Brown, during all these years, has had almost exclusive charge of the department, one of the most important at the State Capital and his election to the head of the department should be insisted upon by the counties of the Northwest, counties that are always loyal to the Republican nominees, yet never received recognition at the hands of the Republican party. We hope to see a solid delegation from this section of the State at the next Republican State Convention and loyal battle waged for Maj. Brown's nomination. It is high time justice was accorded this section of Pennsylvania.

A full assortment of elegant odors and toilet waters at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Call and examine our 1902 calendars from 10c to 25c.

H. S. LLOYD.

BRIEF MENTION.

1902 diaries at H. S. Lloyd's.

The commissioners of McKean county have publicly announced that they will no longer pay bounty on foxes, skunks, etc.

The building known as "Kane Summit Hospital" will be vacated as soon as the Thompson House is in readiness to accommodate the occupants of the hospital.—Leader.

We have been too busy unpacking and selling goods to write a big blow-out. Our fine goods and low prices is doing the business. Call and see us.

GEO. J. LABAR.

U. S. postal regulations protect mail carriers from injury by providing that where dogs are allowed to be at large in a person's yard or house the carrier need not deliver the mail.

Don't you remember how sorry you were last Christmas time that you did not examine and get the prices of Taggart's books before buying; don't get caught that way this year.

Frederick Thomas, of Newberry, met death in Lycoming creek early Friday morning at the same place where the three railroaders were drowned last Sunday morning. He plunged headlong into the stream and his feet sticking out through the ice led to the finding of his body soon after daybreak.—Williamsport News.

The keeper of Libby prison died one day last week, honored as the Democratic chairmon of Suffolk county, Va. As well used as he was to misery too great to be told, when he was arrested by the Union soldiers who marched in, and was threatened with hanging the next day, the cruel coward was so frightened that his hair turned white in that one night.—Erie Dispatch.

To make leather boots waterproof, saturate them with castor oil; to stop squeaking drive a peg into the middle of the sole. Patent leather boots should never be cleaned with blacking. They should first be wiped with a damp sponge to remove dirt, and then thoroughly dried and polished with a soft cloth A little cream, oil or fresh butter may occasionally be used as a dressing.

The Democrat says: Colonel James B. Coryell has been elected president and Hon. C. A. Mayer has been elected a director in a coal company, the Cook Coal and Coke company at Fairmont, W. Va., which recently made a transfer of its property on the Monongahela division of the Baltimore and Ohio. The property consists of 700 acres of coal, together with a mining plant equipped with modern machinery. The prices paid the stockholdrs was $110,000.

England has paid this country nearly sixteen million dollars for horses and mules since the beginning of the South African war. Most of these were shipped from the South and Southwestern. The total purchase amount to 125,000 head. There is nothing to prevent the United States from selling to the Boers at the same time, but the Transval Republic never had a navy or a seaport. Hence it is placed as a great disadvantage in securing supplies from other countries.

Emmanuel Church.

The services on Christmas Day will be held at 10 a. m. This is one of the very highest of all the festivals of the Church year. Every communicant who can possibly do so should receive the Holy Communion *at least* three times a year, viz. at Christmas, Easter and Whitsunday. Let us not forget the highest and most hallowed associations of Christmas-tide, nor the supreme duty and privileges of the Christian on Christmas Day.

The Sunday School Christmas Festival will be held in the Church on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. The children of the Parish will receive the customary presents and candy treat.

There is no use in trying to give kinds and prices of the goods I keep. It is too big a job, as the store is crammed full of everything in the furniture line. Call in.

GEO. J. LABAR.

Pictures for the wall, mantle and table, silver and pearl novelties and all kinds of fancy goods at the lowest prices at H. S. Lloyd's

POULTRY FOR SALE.—Throughbred light Brahama and Buff Wyandottes, as good as any in the state. Also dealer in crushed oyster shells for poultry, 90c per 100. Agent for Lambert's Death-to Lice. ALFRED NELSON.
Emporium, Pa. 41tf.

Cigars in small holiday packages at Dodson's Pharmacy.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
WEDNESDAY, Probably Fair.
THURSDAY, Fair.
FRIDAY, Fair.

Charleston Exposition.

Messrs. J. A. Leeds, of Philadelphia, B. W. Green, of Emporium, Pa., and John C. Grady, of Philadelphia, members of the Pennsylvania commission to the Charleston Exposition, arrived in the city yesterday to look after the interests of the Keystone State. These gentlemen are typical specimens of the highest type of Pennsylvania citizenship, and are qualified in every particular to represent one of the wealthiest and most advanced States in the Union. Messrs. Leeds, Green and Grady are anxious to see their State make a creditable showing at the Fair, and if money, brains and enthusiasm count for anything it is safe to say that they will succeed. From the time the Exposition was first launched Pennsylvania has evinced a great deal of interest in the undertaking, and the people there have displayed a disposition to do all in their power to make the Exposition the success it is destained to be. The commissioners from Pennsylvania are registered at the Charleston Hotel.—Charleston Sunday News.

Escaped from Hotel in Night Clothes.

The Trout Run hotel at Hammersley Fork was destroyed by fire early Monday morning, together with most of the contents. The house was owned by William Sperring, but had been leased by William Charles, of Lock Haven. The later was to have taken charge of the house on Monday and was on his way to Hammersley Fork when he learned of the fire, at Westport.

The fire was discovered by some of Mr. Sperring's children, who had been attending a party given in their honor. When they reached their home and opened the door the dense volume of smoke that poured out prevented their entrance. Their screams awoke Mr. and Mrs. Sperring, who found that the flames had gained such headway that their descent from the second floor by the stairway was impossible, and they escaped in their night clothes and made their way to the ground by climbing from a porch roof. They were unable to save any of their clothing excepting the night clothes they wore. The loss is $1,000, fully insured.

The hotel will be reopened in a near-by house until the Trout Run house can be rebuilt, which will be done at once. A portion of the furniture was saved.—Williamsport Bulletin. Mrs. Sperring is sister to Mrs. Belle Beattie of Emporium and has visited here many times.

Death of Little Girl.

The five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coulter, of Keating Summit, died this (Tuesday) morning. We did not learn the cause of the little one's death.

Congressional Conference.

The County Chairman and committee of Republicans from each county forming this new Congressional district—Cameron, Centre, Clearfield and McKean—will meet at DuBois, Jan. 15th, to agree upon rules governing future Congressional Conventions. It is to be hoped an amicable plan may be agreed upon.

Will Moore brought a large bear to town on Monday.

Taggart's stock of China novelties is immense.

Toilet brushes of all kinds at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Fine line of pure candies at H. S. Lloyd's.

Xmas boxes cigars. All the leading brands, $1.00 per box at H. S. Lloyd's.

Comb and Brush sets at Taggart's is way ahead of anything he has ever had.

Amber, briar, and murschaum pipes, cigar and cigarette holders for holiday presents at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Prof. N. Burlingham, of Olean, N. Y., the popular dancing master will give lessons in all the latest round dances at Emporium opera house, Dec. 26th, 1901. All cordially invited.

How yould you like to make a Christmas present of a fine crayon? W. G. Bair makes them and we suggest you leave your order at once as he gets busier as the Holidays approach.

Santa Claus left the most of his dol stock at our store this year. We cannot fail to suit you in style and prices. Call and see them.

H. S. LLOYD.

Top.

The very highest-grade paint is Devoe lead and zinc. It costs about the same as lead and oil—and lasts twice as long.

The Best Paint

is not put together outside of a paint-maker's shop; and Devoe is the oldest and biggest in the United States.

Devoe lead and zinc is the paint.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Four hundred and ten thousand immigrants landed on the shores of the United States last year, says a statistical authority. Many of them were Christians, many others were not. The majority even of those who were had no copy of the Bible. In the hands of each, as he set foot upon the soil of his new home, the New York Bible society placed a copy of the Scriptures. Twenty-one different languages were represented, the largest number being in German, the next largest in Swedish. The immigrant problem is always a difficult one. No one has wholly solved it or found a safeguard for all its dangers; but the Bible society is doing its part. It is a great thing to get a man who does not know the Bible to read it, and no small thing to show him at the very doorway the rock on which we desire our national life to be built.

Commissioner General Powderly, of the immigration bureau, reports that the total number of steerage passengers who arrived in the United States during the year was 487,918, an increase of nearly 40,000 over the preceding year. The ratio of increase of Italian immigrants was three times that of immigrants from the rest of Europe. Considerably more than one-fourth of the whole number of arrivals were from Italy, Sicily and Sardinia, and nearly another fourth from Austria-Hungary. Of the immigrants over the age of 14, 117,587, or nearly one-third, were unable to read or write. In addition to steerage immigrants, there were 74,950 aliens who came in the cabin.

A Springfield, Mass., bridal couple who planned to outwit their tormentors recently were victims of their own cleverness. They went to the railroad station by separate routes, and it was also in their plan to get into separate cars. The bridegroom comfortably located in the smoker, and the bride sought an inconspicuous seat in a passenger coach. The bride, however, in her flurry got the wrong train, and, unaware of her mistake, went on to Pittsfield, while the groom went unsuspectingly north and arrived at Northampton.

Two hundred years ago, January, 1902, Bienville, under the direction of Iberville, founded Fort Louis, that being the origin of the French colony of Louisiana and of its capital, Mobile. The citizens of that Alabama city will therefore celebrate its bicentennial on January 11 and 12. On the second day Twenty-seven Mile Bluff will be visited, and a memorial stone will be erected there to mark the site of Fort St. Louis.

The women of Chicago are both courageous and resourceful. One of them a few days ago severely clubbed a "masher" who insulted her, then knocked off his hat and retained it for a souvenir. A row of hats dangling from the Chicago woman's waist hereafter may be considered as equaling the Indian's string of scalps. May their tribe increase.

Fortune is said to knock at a man's door but once in a lifetime, and it is pitiful when that knock comes just too late. Alexander Carl Derois, reports the Iowa State Register, sent to the insane ward of Dunning hospital after a life of hardship and privation that unbalanced his mind, is heir to $300,000 in gold.

The South Carolina legislature looked with disfavor upon a proposition to compel street car lines to provide vestibules on their cars for the protection of the motormen, it being asserted that the vestibules are liable to be the cause of accidents when the glass becomes frosted or bespattered with rain.

Sir Henry Irving at 63 says: "I am not old. In England we count a man young until 70." Sir Henry's words, says the Chicago Record-Herald, will no doubt make the boys who are hovering around 50 feel quite chipper again.

A woman cashier has defaulted. This should end all controversy, says the Chicago Record-Herald, over the question whether woman can really fill man's place or not.

PLANS OF THE DEMOCRATS.

Bryan's New Platform Seems to Be in Favor Among a Certain Following.

There is democratic authority for the statement that Mr. Bryan has not surrendered the leadership of his party. Those in the confidence of Mr. Bryan claim that the populistic wing of the democratic party will put him forward as a candidate for governor of Nebraska, in the belief that if he is nominated and elected he can be nominated for the presidency in 1904, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

This statement is coolly or contemptuously received by democratic newspapers in Chicago and throughout the east. They concede that Nebraska having given a republican majority in 1900, when Mr. Bryan was exerting all his influence, and having given an increased majority last November, after Mr. Bryan had dictated the platform on which the state democracy went to the people, the state must hereafter be counted as certainly republican. They argue also that, even if Mr. Bryan should become a candidate for governor and should be elected, the fact could have no influence in the democratic national convention of 1904.

This is not the view taken by the western or populistic-democratic newspapers. They favor Mr. Bryan's plan of campaign, which involves a special effort to secure the control of congress in the elections of 1902. This would indicate that Mr. Bryan, who first suggested the plan in his Commoner, contemplates a three-corned presidential fight in 1904, and believes that the people will fail to elect a president, and that the election will go to the house. Therefore the anxiety as to the elections of 1902.

But Mr. Bryan's platform of independence for the Philippines and tariff for revenue only, in place of our present protective tariff, and a revision of our financial or money system, does not meet with favor among the Illinois or Ohio or New York democrats, and certainly the eastern wing of the party is striving not only against Bryanism but against Mr. Bryan himself.

Mr. Bryan pretends to believe that there are thousands of republicans who would flock to his standard in 1902 and that by their aid the populists or the populistic democrats would have enough members of the Fifty-eighth congress to hold the balance of power and become an important factor in the election of a president by congress in 1904.

If there is no election of president by the people, congress will select a president, each state in the house of representatives having one vote, the complexion of that vote being determined by the majority of the delegation from that state. In the Fifty-sixth congress the democrats and free silverites had majorities in 20 states, including New York, and the republicans in 25.

In the Fifty-seventh congress the republicans have majorities in 26 states and the democrats, populists and silverites in 18 states. Illinois is represented by 11 republicans and 11 democrats. The democrats and populists are evidently planning to unite in the congressional elections of 1902 and elect a majority of the delegations from Illinois (in which they will have to gain only one member), Maryland, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, Wyoming, Indiana and Kansas. If they secure control of congress the populistic wing, if defeated in the convention of 1904, can with safety intrigue to throw the election of president to the house.

Dispute on the Tariff.

It is a fact of some moment that the democratic party is no more united to-day on the tariff question than it was in 1894. On this subject democratic opinion ranges all the way from the most rabid free trade to high protection. Being out of power and not being required to frame and pass a tariff bill, the party is able to present something like a solid front. But if the tables were turned, the old factional fight would break out again. Protection is more strongly intrenched in the confidence of the country to-day than at any previous time. No legislation has ever been more grandly vindicated by results than the Dingley tariff. When the free trade organs are all joining with the republican papers in portraying the magnificence of our prosperity, they are paying a tribute to protection. The fact that some of our industries have outgrown the need of protection and are abusing it is a good reason for revising some of the schedules—for the abolition of some and for the lowering of others—but that outgrowing is a fulfillment of the hopes of protectionists, and the friends of protection are bound to put an end to such abuses.—Washington Star.

☞Theodore Roosevelt's protectionism is as sound as William McKinley's, Nelson Dingley's or Henry Clay's. In his own words, "the first requisite to our prosperity is the continuity and stability of our present tariff system as a national policy." Reciprocity's only allowable function is as "the handmaid of protection." This lays the ghost of free trade within the party which Messrs. Babcock, Kasson et al. had been assiduously summoning up.—N. Y. Press.

☞The house rules, concerning which so many democrats are making themselves unhappy, are practically the same which were in force during the two congresses of 1891 and 1893, when the house was democratic. They are, however, of republican origin.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞The democratic newspapers have already arranged that there shall be a row between President Roosevelt and the republican congress. Of course they are prompted by a malicious desire that such a thing shall happen.—Cleveland Leader.

MANIFESTO OF MR. BRYAN.

Points on Which the Late Democratic Leader Is Without Support of Any Kind.

William Jennings Bryan has conferred a favor upon his fellow countrymen in the democratic party and out of it. He has given out a manifesto which is in substance the platform on which he will seek the next presidential nomination at the hands of the national democracy, says the Chicago Chronicle (dem.).

Mr. Bryan says that imperialism and the independence of the Philippines are still burning political questions and that it is only by pushing them to the front that the democrats can hope for success in 1902.

By inference, therefore, Mr. Bryan has recovered partially or permanently from his unsound money delusion. The currency of the country is apparently to remain unthreatened by Mr. Bryan during the next presidential canvass. For this promised relief from an expected recurrence of financial lunacy on Mr. Bryan's part the entire country ought to be thankful.

Elimination of the unsound money issue from national politics will leave intelligent men of all parties free to discuss in tranquillity and reason the real national issues before the American people.

Mr. Bryan will not find any considerable number of his fellow citizens ready to agree to his proposal that the American flag be unconditionally withdrawn from the Philippine islands. He says "the war is unnecessary because the people of those islands are ready to lay down their arms whenever their independence is promised them." Mr. Bryan has no better means of knowing this than any other American citizen.

Americans must differ over the equity or necessity of the continued presence of our arms on Philippine territory after the surrender at Manila. But humane Americans cannot now abandon the Philippine people who prefer our constitution to anarchy or invasion and conquest by a European power.

Mr. Bryan says that the people of the Philippines "cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization. They cannot be subjects without imperiling our form of government."

The literary habit of mind has never been characteristic of practical statesmanship. Mr. Bryan's instructive inclination to prettiness of expression is a fundamental weakness in his adaptability to politics.

As a matter of fact there is no reason why the people of the Philippine islands should not become in time American citizens. We have made citizens out of red aborigines and out of descendants of African tribesmen. The ruling mass of the Philippine people are of far more assimilable stock. They are moral, peaceful, industrious, accustomed to obey and to command. They have responded readily to our overtures of friendship when accompanied with convincing proofs of a sincere purpose to establish among them firm, free, honest and just republican government.

The work, it is true, is only begun. To desert it now would be cowardice. The ultimate solution of the political status of the Philippines cannot be predicted now. But this can be asserted now—that the flag of the United States must remain in the Philippines for the protection of the people from anarchy or invasion and that the constitution and laws of the United States must be put into operation in the islands as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Bryan will find that no considerable proportion of the national democratic party will support him or any other presidential candidate on a platform proposing desertion of the people of the Philippine islands to anarchy, dictatorship or invasion for conquest or reconquest.

CURRENT COMMENT.

☞So long as the American people do their own work they may expect a fair degree of prosperity.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Congress will settle the Philippines tariff promptly, sensibly and equitably to all concerned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞Democratic newspapers are evincing more knowledge of the political intentions of republican leaders than the leaders themselves possess.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

☞Mexico is having trouble with her silver standard. Mexico, the Philippines and Mr. Bryan are about the only localities in the world that are now troubled.—Indianapolis News (Ind.)

☞Bryan has once more taken the center of the stage to remark that the democratic party will not recede from the Kansas City platform. The "colonel" always was a great comedian.—Iowa State Register.

☞Croker's friends have changed the constitution of the democratic club in New York so as to permit the boss to remain in control. When everything else fails, a democrat can always win by changing the constitution.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞With all his pitiful display of tawdry, shallow, meretricious, calamity-howling and calamity provoking "oratory" and "eloquence," Bryan may have had his uses. Let us be thankful, accordingly, for him, and especially for his exit.—Portland Oregonian.

☞Within the past year the amount of money in circulation in the United States has increased by about $92,000,000. The per capita circulation is now $28.78, which is nearly three times as much as it was in 1879. No wonder the nation's pulse beats strong.—Albany Journal.

SASKATCHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA, IS CALLED THE "GARDEN OF EDEN,"

By a Former Resident of Reed City, Michigan.

In a letter to the Reed City, Michigan, Clarion, Mr. James C. Armstrong, of Meltford, Saskatchewan, says, writing on 27th May, 1901:

"This is a fine country for a poor man, as he can go out on the hay slews and cut all the hay he needs. He turns his cattle out on the prairie, and when he is not using his horses, he turns them out also. There is such an abundance of food, they never wander away.

"A lady, who has lived here eight years, told me that this was the original 'Garden of Eden.' I certainly would believe it, if we could only find the apple trees. But as it is, we have many varieties of fruit—strawberries, cranberries, saskatoons, huckleberries, red and black currants, dewberries, plums, red and black cherries, and red raspberries. All of these fruits grow wild. Then the flowers that dot the prairies, making them look like a real garden. We have eaten of the wild red currants, and they are equal if not superior to those grown in Michigan. We have sweet corn 7½ inches high. As the western farmers are all done seeding, branding cattle and sheep shearing are now progressing. Wool is only five cents a pound, and many ranchers have on hand last year's clip. I inclose you a potato blossom, slice of new potato, which measured 6½ inches when cut. This is no fairy tale, if we are so much farther than Reed City. It is all facts. Come up and see. This has been truly called the 'Garden of the West.' With fruits and flowers, lakes and streams, fish and fowl, beautiful rivers, tracts of timber and mountains, what more does a man want?"

Information concerning Western Canada will be cheerfully given by communicating with the agent of the Government of Canada, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

SALVADOR'S PROSPERITY.

The Country Is Enjoying a Period of Unexampled Peace and Plenty.

The little republic of Salvador is the smallest country in America and one of the most densely peopled parts of it. If our country had as many inhabitants to the square mile as are living in Salvador we would have a population of about 350,000,000. Perhaps that day is coming, but not yet awhile, says the New York Sun.

Our latest consular reports from Salvador says that the country is enjoying a period of profound peace. This is good news, for Salvador has had its share of revolutions, to say nothing of quarrels with its neighbors that at times have seriously interfered with its prosperity. The government is supposed to be based upon the consent of the governed, but sometimes it is merely a military regime with a little diversion in the form of insurrections.

The reports say that the coffee crop will be unusually large this year. This, of course, means prosperity, because coffee forms three-fifths of the exports, little Salvador selling more coffee than any other state excepting Guatemala. The crop will be gathered next month.

The crop of indigo is also unusually large. Indigo is one of the two products that distinguish Salvador from the other countries of Central America, for practically all the crop is gathered in that republic. The other commodity which Salvador monopolizes is balsam of Peru, so called because the Spaniards used to carry it to Callao, Peru, for shipment to Spain. It grows on the coastal plain of Salvador and is valued in medicine.

Salvador has no foreign debt and its financial condition is very satisfactory. Like our own country Salvador exports a great deal more than it imports. Its prosperity is of particular interest to us because the republic has larger trade relations with this country than any other nation except England.

The reason why Salvador is so densely populated is that it fronts wholly on the Pacific ocean and practically all of it is adapted for settlement. It is one of the peculiarities of the Central American republics that nearly all of their population is gathered on the Pacific slope. The northwest trade winds bring a tremendous rainfall to the Atlantic slope covering most of it with dense tropical forests which are not fitting homes for white men because they are so unhealthful. Civilization, therefore, has centered on the Pacific slope for the most part, the rainfall there being moderate and the climate and soil adapted to the raising of stock and the cultivation of many crops; thus nearly all of Salvador is adapted for development.

Never Loved His Work.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer:

"That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work."

"He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."

This man never fell in love with his work, and hence was regarded as a good-for-nothing by his employer.—Success.

Flattery.

Miss Bragg—I met that wealthy Mr. Westron at the Cadleys' last night.

Miss Nagg—Did you, indeed?

"Yes. He sat next to me at dinner, and was pleased to remark upon my birdlike appetite."

"Ah! Well, he's a good judge. He owns an ostrich farm, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Waiters' Arithmetic.

"Waiter, I find I have just enough money to pay for the dinner, but I have nothing in the way of a tip for yourself."

"Let me add up the bill again, sir."—Moonshine.

He Needed the Bath.

A certain congressman has instructed his butler to say to all undesirable callers that he is in the bath and cannot be seen. One day lately a constituent with a grievance to exploit called every day at the house, but no matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the honorable M. C. was bathing. His last visit he timed late in the afternoon, but was again chagrined to learn that Mr. X—— was in the bath. Whereupon the disappointed constituent wrote upon his card: "You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bathtub it would not purify your conscience or your political record."—N. Y. Tribune.

CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL.

Unable to Stand For Months Because of Sprained Ankles.

(From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness, and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ysbrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:—

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe, and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well known medical man he would have at once have prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premium pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

False Hope.

Tess—I heard him say he felt rather encouraged because you left the gas turned low in the parlor when he called.

Jess—How foolish of him! One needs a dark room to develop a negative.—Albany Journal.

They say loafing is hard work. Still, we'd like to try it.—Atchison Globe.

It is said that people "run" in debt; but they crawl out.—Atchison Globe.

It is the chief fault of women to be careless of a love they possess.—Judge.

Speaking of bargains, good resolutions will soon be marked down.—Chicago Daily News.

Some men cannot hold a job because they always want a better one.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

If you tell your troubles too much, after awhile folks will not believe you.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

At 30 a man is anxious for fame; at 50 he is willing to accept money as a substitute.—Chicago Daily News.

He—"Is she good-looking?" She—"No; but she will be when her father dies. She's an heiress."—London Tit-Bits.

A good way to meet an argument when you are cornered is to tell the other fellow that he doesn't know any better.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair; "I'll show you how to treat your mother." And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.—London Tit-Bits.

Gotham—"A man should never smoke when out with a lady in an automobile." Church—"Why not?" "Just think how it would sound when they were getting out for him to ask her if he could help her to a fight."—Yonkers Statesman.

Naming the Baby.

Mother-in-Law (who helps)—How would Cleopatra sound?

Father—Cleopatra is a pretty name; but you must remember we are selecting a name for my first child, not a parlor car.—Judge.

War Waste of Horses.

Roughly speaking, a corps requires to be remounted every four months, but one cavalry regiment records the staggering figure of 3,000 animals in a little over a year. It was the general opinion of experts that the members of the Household cavalry proved themselves the best "caretakers," and despite their heavy weights got as much work out of their mounts as any cavalry in the field. There was even one instance of a troop horse weathering the whole campaign and returning fit and well to ceremonial duties in London.—London Telegraph.

A Good Tackle.

"Did I make a good tackle?" asked the football player, looking from his cot in the hospital.

"Yes," replied the nurse, "you bit off one ear and two fingers and broke three legs."

"Thank heavens!" murmured the football player, lapsing again into unconsciousness.—Ohio State Journal.

Persons contemplating a journey East or West should be careful that the rates paid for their transportation do not exceed those charged by the Nickel Plate Road.

This company always offers lowest rates and the service is efficient. Careful attention is given to the wants of all first and second class passengers by uniformed colored attendants. The dining car service of the Nickel Plate Road is above criticism and enables the traveler to obtain meals at from thirty-five (35) cents to $1.00 but no higher.

The Pullman service is the usual high grade standard. Semi-weekly transcontinental tourist cars ply between Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Confer with nearest agent of the Nickel Plate Road.

And They Marveled.

"And what are you making?" we asked of the Intelligent Artisan, as we admired the play of his brawny muscles.

"Makin' cowcatchers for milk trains," he replied, without looking up from his work.

Whereat we passed on, marveling greatly at the intricacies of modern science.—Baltimore American.

Largest in the World.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., are the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world.

They received a gold medal from the Paris exposition of last year.

This year they have received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo.

Their goods are the standard for purity and excellence.

Just About Right.

"What is a promoter, Jim?"

"Well, a promoter is one of those fellows that can sell you a colander for a wash basin."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

"A woman," said Mr. Plattitood, "can't keep a secret." "Huh!" said little Johnny. "My teacher kep' me workin' an hour on a sum when she might have told me the answer any time."—London Tit-Bits.

The Handsomest Calendar

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Children are becoming better, and parents are becoming more sensible.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The man who thinks himself bright is not inclined to keep it dark.—Philadelphia Record.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A miser is known by the money he keeps.—Chicago Daily News.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use.

In driving storms the clouds hold the rains.—Philadelphia Record.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

How Truly the Great Fame of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Justifies Her Original Signature.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the **Change of Life.**

It has cured more cases of **Backache** and Leucorrhœa than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yields to it.

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

It quickly removes that **Bearing-down Feeling,** extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, **Dizziness, Faintness,** sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures.

Kidney Complaints and Backache of **either sex** the Vegetable Compound always cures.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY AS SEEN BY THE THREE ADMIRALS IN THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

BULLETS WERE TRUMPS.

Alabama Men Engage in a Game in Which Their Lives Were the Stakes.

Russellville, Ala., Dec. 20.—Henry Williams, a desperado and robber, dead; Frank McClurg, merchant, desperately wounded, shot through the intestines; Tom Williams, a brother to Henry, shot in the breast, is the result of a battle here between City Marshal Ben Barrett and Deputy Sheriff Hargett on one side, and the Williams brothers on the other.

Henry Williams was indicted here several years ago for stealing cattle, but escaped to Indian Territory. Getting into trouble there he returned here recently and officers have since been looking for him. Yesterday he was seen to enter McClurg's store while Tom stood guard near the back door. The officers started into the store, when Tom fired at Barrett.

Hargett, approaching Henry to arrest him, was assaulted and a furious struggle ensued. Williams was the better man and as he was in the act of shooting his opponent Barrett fired, striking the desperado above the right eye, killing him instantly. Barrett quickly turned his attention to Tom, two of his shots taking effect in the arm and one in the chest. The wounded man changed his revolver to his left hand and, firing as he ran, succeeded in outrunning the officers and escaping. At Tom Williams' first shot McClurg sank to the floor with the cry "I am a dead man." His wound is thought to be fatal. He is a brother-in-law to the Williams boys.

Gave Wu a Good Time.

Kansas City, Dec. 20.—Five hundred people sat down last night at the annual banquet of the Commercial club of Kansas City, held in commemoration of the signing of the John Jay treaty. The guests were Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister; Gen. MacArthur, Hon. John M. Allen, representative from Mississippi, and F. W. Lehman, of St. Louis, of the Louisiana Purchase exposition board of directors. The decorations were appropriate, Chinese flags and oriental hangings blending with the stars and stripes. A Chinese dragon of immense size made of colored incandescent lights was one of the features.

Congress Takes a Recess.

Washington, Dec. 20.—There was a general exodus of members of the house for their homes to spend the Christmas holidays and when the house met yesterday there was a waste of vacant seats. Some odds and ends of business were disposed of and the house adjourned until January 6. No business of importance was transacted in the senate outside of confirming a number of appointments and it adjourned until January 6.

Irishmen Plan to Organize.

New York, Dec. 20.—The provisional executive committee of the United Irish League of America, formed by the Irish envoys, Redmond, McHugh and O'Donnell, before leaving for Ireland, held its first meeting yesterday. A constitution and by-laws based on the lines of those of the old land league were adopted. Arrangements were made to organize the country in support of the Irish leaders and the United Irish league.

A Double Tragedy in Kansas.

Parsons, Kan., Dec. 20.—The dead bodies of John F. Bull and his wife were found at their home in this city Thursday. Bull was a prominent real estate and loan broker, leader of the Methodist church choir, and was reported to be in comfortable circumstances. The bodies were lying on the floor, both stabbed to death. Indications point to wife murder and suicide.

$150,000 Fire Loss.

Huntingdon, Pa., Dec. 20.—Fire last night destroyed the Opera House block, including five stores. Loss $150,000; partially insured.

A Coal Famine in Sight.

St. Louis, Dec. 20.—St. Louis faces a shortage of coal which will not only forebodes suffering, but which may result in a general tieup of numerous street car lines. Unexpected zero weather, slippery pavements that make hauling exceedingly difficult, ice floes and low water that have tied up the ferries, combined with other difficulties of transportation have brought the supply of coal far below the urgent demands of the market. Car load lots in East St. Louis sold yesterday at almost unprecedented prices. At most coal offices orders were cut down 75 per cent. or more.

DOWIE IN COURT.

"Elijah the Second" Is Seen in Tears.

THEN CAME A CHANGE.

Denounced His Brother-in-Law and Erstwhile Partner.

BODYGUARD OF DISCIPLES.

Followers of the Ruler of "Zion" Escorted Him to His Home After He Had Aired His Troubles in Chicago Temple of Justice.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—"Dr." John Alexander Dowie broke down when he went on the witness stand yesterday in his own behalf and between choking sobs he told how his confidence in his brother-in-law and legal opponent, Samuel Stevenson, had been shaken. The portly figure of the aged witness shook spasmodically and the tears streamed down his face as he related memories of Stevenson's espousal of Dowie's sister, now deceased. Later as he was cross-examined his meek and lowly demeanor changed and he denounced Stevenson, calling him an "abominable traveling companion" and said that he was of no use in Zion and was always blundering.

Judge Tuley's court was packed to overflowing with followers of "Elijah II." who followed minutely the "doctor's" testimony, and who at the end of the day's session gathered around him to act as his bodyguard back to "Zion."

The testimony offered by Dowie was to the effect that he had given Stevenson checks aggregating $50,000, ostensibly to release certain indebtedness between them. The checks were exhibited in court and showed indorsements by Mary Ann Stevenson for stock in Zion lace industries. Dowie went into great detail to show how his stock had accidentally come back into his possession, explaining that he had been "immensely surprised" to find the certificate for the stock in his private safe. Stevenson had set up the claim that he had never received the certificates.

Dowie set down as "nonsense" the charge that by "honeyed words or artifice" he had inveigled Stevenson to come to America to take charge of the lace industries and denied that he had used any power whatever to that end. The all night sessions, which, according to testimony were frequent with Dowie and his disciples, were explained as necessary because he was a very busy man. He also explained some of the methods of Zion's financial operations, in an effort to prove that Stevenson's claim to a joint partnership with him in the lace industries never was contemplated.

Capt. Worthington Judd, secretary of Zion lace industries and the Zion Land and Investment association, was called to the stand. Attorney Reeves asked Judd whether he believed implicitly that Dowie was Elijah. Attorney Packard for the defense strongly objected to the question, but Judge Tuley ruled it pertinent to the case, and Judd affirmed his belief that the preacher was the prophet of olden times.

Stockmen Figure on 10 Per Cent Loss

Guthrie, O. T., Dec. 20.—As a result of the intense cold and blizzard stockmen figure a 10 per cent. loss in cattle. This is true covering the two territories, the loss being greater on the western Oklahoma ranges and in the new country.

A $750,000 Contract.

New York, Dec. 20.—A contract amounting to $750,000 has been placed in this city for the electrical equipment of the first electric traction system in Tokio, Japan. The line will cover the principal streets of Tokio and it is expected will be in operation early in 1903.

Sewell's Condition Is Critical.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 20.—United States Senator William J. Sewell's condition is critical and the members of his family fear dissolution will ensue soon. Two physicianas are in constant attendance.

A COMMITTEE OF 36.

Will Try to Harmonize Interests of Capital and Labor.

A Conference at New York City Selects Well Known Leaders of Labor, Capitalists and Other Prominent Persons to Prepare a Plan of Action in the Future.

New York, Dec. 18.—The conference between the leaders of labor and capital closed yesterday with a decision to give the plan to harmonize their divergent interests a practical test. It was agreed that the working details of the scheme shall be perfected by an executive committee of 36 to be chosen in equal numbers from the ranks of organized labor, the great industrial and financial leaders, and such of the public not identified with either of the other two interests.

In the afternoon Chairman Oscar S. Strauss, and Secretary Ralph M. Easley, with Archbishop Ireland, Senator Hanna, Samuel Gompers, President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers; Frank P. Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and others who had taken part in the conference met to select the members of the executive committee. After several hours of consultation the following names were announced:

To represent employers and capitalists:

Senator Mark A. Hanna.

James A. Chambers, president American Glass Co., Pittsburg.

William F. Pfahler, president National Association of Stove Manufacturers.

S. R. Callaway, president American locomotive works.

Lewis Nixon, president of the Crescent shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J.

Charles M. Schwab, president United States Steel Corporation.

H. H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co., New York.

Charles A. Moore, president of the Machine Manufacturing Co.

John D. Rockefeller, jr.

E. D. Ripley, president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Co.

Marcus M. Marks, president of the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers.

Julius Kruttschnitt, general manager Southern Pacific railroad.

To represent organized labor:

Samuel Gompers, president American Federation of Labor.

John Mitchell, president United Mine Workers.

Frank P. Sargent, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Theodore J. Shaffer, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

James Duncan, secretary of the Granite Cutters' union.

Daniel J. Keefe, president International Association of 'Longshoremen.

James O'Connell, president International Association of Machinists.

Martin Fox, president Iron Molders' National union.

James E. Lynch, president International Typographical union.

Edward E. Clark, grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

Henry White, secretary of the Garment Workers of America.

Walter McArthur, editor Coast Seamen's Journal, San Francisco.

To represent the public:

Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

Archbishop John Ireland.

Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Charles Francis Adams, Boston.

Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-secretary of the interior.

Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard university.

Franklin MacVeagh, Chicago.

Ex-Comptroller of the Currency James Eckels.

John J. McCook, a lawyer of this city.

John C. Milburn, of Buffalo.

Charles A. Bonaparte, Baltimore.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Two Men and Two Women Commit Suicide in a Boarding House at Columbus, O.

Columbus, Dec. 18.—Two young men and two young women were found dead last night in a room at a boarding house 52 East Russell street and evidence points to a quadruple suicide deliberately planned. The dead are:

Pearl Warner, age 28, second cook at the Manhattan restaurant.

Lu Kline, age 18, third cook at the same restaurant.

Sherman Lothouse, cab driver.

John Jacobs, chief cook at the Manhattan.

The two couples went to the boarding house Sunday and secured adjoining rooms, claiming they were married. Yesterday nothing was seen of them, and though the rooms remained locked and no responose could be secured to repeated calls, suspicion was not aroused until last night. Finally the doors to the rooms were forced and the occupants were discovered lying on the beds dead. The keyholes and cracks around the doors had been closed with rags and the fumes of chloroform filled the rooms, disclosing the cause of death.

Investigation fails to reveal that any of the four persons had had any trouble, or that suicide had been contemplated. The Warner girl had been reprimanded by her employer because her wages had been garnisheed and he thinks she might have brooded over this and have become so affected by it that she chloroformed her companions and then ended her own life.

Planning a Bottle Combine.

Pittsburg, Dec. 18.—Efforts are being made to combine all of the flint bottle manufacturers of the country. J. G. Porter, of Chicago, is the promoter of the scheme and the expectation is that by March or April next the combine, under the name of the Continental Glass Co., with $30,000,000 capital, will be completed. If the combine should fail, the intention of the manufacturers is to establish a selling agency as a preliminary step to a combine later on. The Pittsburg Seamless Bottle Co. and H. J. Heinz & Co. have refused to join the combine.

A RIOT IN BIRMINGHAM.

Englishmen Resent the Attempt of a Member of Parliament to Make a Pro-Boer Address.

London, Dec. 19.—David Lloyd-George, M. P., in speaking in Birmingham town hall last night, precipitated a scene unprecedented in that city since the Aston park riots. The majority of the audience were hostile to the speaker and were enraged by his pro-Boer utterances. While the building was besieged from outside by a mob of several thousand people, who smashed windows and tried to force the doors, which had been barricaded, they fusiladed the audience with stones through the windows.

The riot is considered a curious illustration of the varied career of Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary.

The Aston park riots of 1884, it is pointed out, were demonstrations on the part of the Chamberlainites against the so-called tory intruder, Lord Randolph Churchill, while the riot yesterday was one against an extreme radical. The feeling against Mr. Lloyd-George has been so strong during the past week that tickets were forged to enable the "jingoes" to gain admission to the town hall. This compelled the liberals to print different tickets, but their efforts to exclude their opponents were quite vain.

The building filled quickly, and it was immediately seen that trouble was coming. While the organist was playing, the dissentients began to sing "Britons Never Will be Slaves" and kept it up until the organist was compelled to desist. Then cheers were raised for "Joey." A white flag was unfurled amid deafening shouts of traitor as Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends appeared on the platform. All attempts at speech-making were futile owing to the continuous din of hissing, hooting and singing. The speakers had to content themselves with dictating a few sentences in the ears of the reporters.

In the meantime the enormous crowd outside the building had become more noisy and menacing. Presently a stone came through a window, causing a stampede among the occupants of the gallery. From this time forward pandemonium reigned in the building and ugly rushes were made for the platform. The police were soon overpowered. Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends were compelled to retreat to an inner room for safety. They were unable to leave the building for fear of violence, and were thus kept prisoners until a late hour, when Mr. Lloyd-George, disguised as a chief constable, left the town hall with a posse of policemen. Many constables were seriously injured in their attempts to clear the streets, which they did not succeed in doing until a heavy downfall of rain and sleet came to their assistance.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Wonderful Growth of the Movement Is Reported by Rev. F. E. Clark, President of the Society.

Boston, Dec. 19.—The incorporation of the World's Union of Christian Endeavor under the laws of Massachusetts was announced at the quarterly meeting of the board of trustees of the United society yesterday. Under the incorporation Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., was chosen president; J. Willis Baer secretary and William Shaw treasurer. At the meeting Secretary Baer, of the United society, reported a total of 61,920 societies, with a total membership of 3,820,000. In his report President Clark said:

"The tide of Christian Endeavor has never run so deep and strong as it is to-day. There are now 480 societies in the Madras presidency of India alone. Japan shows more interest in the work than ever before. China is eagerly awaiting her new society. Germany has attained self-support; the work has begun in Portugal and some of the smaller countries of Europe have just awakened to the importance of it."

After the meeting President Clark said that on January 4 he would sail for Europe in the interests of Christian Endeavor, Secretary Baer will start on January 6 for a campaign to the Pacific coast and Field Secretary Eberman will visit every southern state.

A DEADLY DUEL.

Terrific Battle in a Boarding House at Uniontown, Pa.

Uniontown, Pa., Dec. 19.—Daniel Bradburn and David Fagan fought a duel to the death Tuesday night in a small room of Hall's boarding house, where both men lived. Bradburn was killed and Fagan is in jail with a bullet wound in his side from the effects of which he may die. Fagan had accused Bradburn of stealing money from him, and the latter went down town, purchased a revolver and, returning, challenged Fagan to get his gun and fight it out. Fagan immediately went to his room and got his revolver and the fight was on in deadly earnest.

Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Addis were in the room and did what they could to stop the quarrel, Mrs. Hall holding Fagan and Mrs. Addis holding Bradburn. Mrs. Hall got a bullet through her hand for her trouble. Shot after shot followed until each man had emptied the five chambers of his revolver. Bradburn then threw himself across the bed and was dead within 25 minutes. Fagan left the house, but returned yesterday and gave himself up, saying he was shot through the side and was dying.

Will Make Samar Island a Desert.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 19.—The Manila Times, referring to the plan of campaign in Samar, says: "The Cavite marines to the number of 330 are stationed at Balangiga. These marines in conjunction with the soldiers will operate from the south, scouring and burning the country northwards until they meet and join hands with other regiments. When the southern part of the island is thoroughly cleaned up, operations will then begin from Luzon down to the southern line of troops, thus rounding up Lukban's army for final extermination. Samar island will be made a desert.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Annual Report of the American Commissioners.

It Describes the Progress Made in Establishing Civil Government and in the Matter of Education—Suffrage Qualifications are Described at Length.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Provisions for a permanent civil government and for much important legislation regarding the industrial development of the Philippines is embodied in the annual report of the Philippine commission.

It is declared that the federal party spread like wildfire throughout the archipelago, and that there are few towns in any of the provinces which have not their federal committees. The members of the party were active and effective in inducing insurgent leaders to surrender. It is declared by the commission that:

"Outside of the five provinces named (Batangas, Cebu, Bolfol, Samar and Mindoro) there is peace in the remainder of the archipelago. All insurrectos have surrendered and, in most of the provinces except among the lake Moros, it is entirely safe during the day for travelers unattended to go from one town to another. In other provinces, recent war conditions and suffering and hardship from cattle pest and locusts have developed ladronism. The people are friendly to the civil government and manifest no desire for a continuance of the war, but only a desire for peace and protection."

Taking up the question of the political future of the Filipinos, it is declared that the theory upon which the commission is proceeding is that the only possible method of instructing the Filipino people in methods of free institutions and self-government is to make a government partly of Americans and partly of Filipinos, with ultimate control in American hands for some time to come. Less than 10 per cent. of the people speak Spanish and the educated people, under the influence of Spanish teaching, have but a faint conception of real civil liberty and the mutual self-restraints required for its manintenance.

The commission has already, however, established municipal suffrage in the pacified parts of the islands and limited the suffrage to those who can read and write English or Spanish, or who own property of the value of $250, pay an annual tax of $15, or have been municipal officers. Thus far only 49,523 electors have qualified under these provisions out of a population of 2,695,801 in 390 municipalities, showing only 18.37 electors per 1,000 inhabitants. This is only about 10 per cent. of the number which would qualify with similar population under American law. The commission declare that in fixing these qualifications they followed the recommendations of all the Filipinos who were consulted, except that there were many who advocated a higher qualification.

The commission proposes to settle the vexed question of land titles by legislation providing for the sale of public lands upon the homestead principle and the payment through a bond issue of the price of the lands now held by the religious orders. A 50 per cent. reduction in the tariff on Philippine imports into the United States would, it is said, increase our trade by leaps and bounds. Other recommendations are that the present system of timber cutting under license be continued; that mining and incorporation laws be passed; that the commission be permitted to confer charters upon railways and to aid them by grants of lands or guaranteeing low interest upon the investments (probably the total obligation would not exceed $1,650,000); that laws be passed providing for coinage, on the gold standard with local silver currency and for a system of national banks and land mortgage banks.

A full account is given by the commission of the organization of the system of education which has been going on so vigorously under Dr. Atkinson, the general superintendent. The English language is the basis of all public instruction, and nearly 1,000 trained teachers from the United States already have been put to work in the towns and cities of the pacified provinces. Applications for teachers have been received from many towns where it has not yet been possible to send them. The greatest eagerness is shown among the natives to obtain a knowledge of English and a general primary education. In Manila secondary schools have been established, a normal school is engaged in the instruction of Filipino teachers, and night schools are holding regular sessions with 1,800 pupils.

Will be Tried a Third Time.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 19.—The supreme court of Illinois has ordered the case of Scott against the mayor and city council of Alton referred to Madison county circuit court for its third trial. The case has been pending for four years and during this time the children of colored parents in Alton have been compelled to attend private schools erected for them. In the two previous trials verdicts were returned favoring the action of the council. The case was appealed to the supreme court on the ground that the jury had been instructed wrong. This court holds that the verdict is contrary to the weight of evidence.

Two Schooners Missing.

New York, Dec. 19.—It is believed that the schooners Maud Brown and Ella Brown, which sailed from this port for Beverly, Mass., on November 5 will never be seen again. The Maud has not been reported since November 13 and the Ella Brown since November 10, the day of the heavy gale off Cape Cod, in which several schooners foundered. Both vessels were in the neighborhood of Cape Cod on November 10. The crews of the two vessels numbered all told 13 persons. The companies which carry the insurance on the vessels are preparing to pay the claims.

FINE ART OF DECEIT

Filipinos Have Mastered All of Its Details.

DELUDE OUR SOLDIERS.

The Latter Believe False Tales of Natives' Friendship.

THEY SERVE TWO MASTERS.

Gen. Chaffee Says that in Every City and Town of the Philippines the People Secretly Obey the Mandates of Insurgent Chiefs.

Washington, Dec. 20.—"History affords no parallel of a whole people thus practically turning traitors, and in no other people was ever found such masterful powers of secrecy and dissimulation; but it is needless to say that no powerful state was ever erected on such immoral foundations." This statement is made by Gen. Chaffee, military governor of the Philippines, in a review of one of a number of court-martial cases in the islands, records of which have been received at the war department.

The case which brought forth this comment from Gen. Chaffee was one wherein seven natives were tried jointly on a charge of murder. The accused were soldiers in the insurgent army and after defeat by the American army in the field abandoned even the show of open opposition such as the guerilla bands make and took up their residence at Taytay, in Luzon, a place protected by an American garrison. Then, following the policy of the insurgent chiefs, they organized a bolo band.

When authorization had been given to establish civil government the band came forward under the leadership of a priest and were elected municipal officers of Taytay. Then ensued a remarkable attempt to serve two masters. In all lawful matters they served with due appearance of loyalty to the American government, while at the same time they labored secretly in the interests of the insurrection. This dual form of government, says Gen. Chaffee, existed everywhere, in strongly garrisoned cities like Manila as well as the smallest town. The municipal officers of Taytay next entered upon a series of murders and continued their deadly work until the growing number of mysterious disappearances led to the discovery of the perpetrators by the American authorities.

Six of the seven natives were sentenced to be hanged, but Gen. Chaffee commuted the sentence of three of them to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

The seventh native, Leonardo De Posoy, a priest, was granted a separate trial. Through his advantages of education and his spiritual relations with the people he was the most influential man in the community. He cultivated the good will of the American officers and promised to aid them in keeping peace. But when the election for civil officers were held he caused to be elected as presidente one Caledonio Javier, whom De Posoy knew was an officer of insurgents.

At his trial De Posoy, who was held to be the chief agent in the Taytay murders, took advantage of the loophole afforded by his position as priest, by contending that while the participators in the wholesale murders in Taytay would confess the same at confessional, he was compelled by his sacred office to keep silence.

Gen. Chaffee pronounced this defense of no value and confirmed the sentence of death imposed by the court-martial which tried De Posoy, but commuted the sentence to 20 years' imprisonment at hard labor "out of respect for his calling."

No Crime to Cheat an Indian.

Fargo, N. D., Dec. 20.—It is not a crime against the United States to pass a Confederate bill on an unsuspecting Indian, according to the decision of Judge Amidon, of the United States court, in the Barrett case. A cowboy named Barrett was arrested for giving an Indian a $50 Confederate bill in a horse trade. It was alleged that he violated a law which makes it a crime to carry paper bearing a similitude to regular currency.

Memorial Tablet Dedicated.

Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 20.—The Massachusetts memorial tablet erected on the site of the old war prison here was dedicated yesterday. Maj. E. S. Horton, president of the Massachusetts Association of ex-Prisoners, presided. Lieut. Gov. Bates made the address of the day. The Massachusetts party numbers 35 and all of the commissioners were at one time Andersonville prisoners.

Three Killed, 25 Injured.

San Francisco, Dec. 20.—North and southbound Southern Pacific passenger trains, running between this city and Los Angeles, came together in a head-on collision at Uplands early Thursday morning. A fireman and two other trainmen were killed and 25 passengers were more or less injured.

A Would-be Briber's Sentence.

New York, Dec. 20.—Ernest Sapelli, formerly steward on the steamship La Gascogne, was yesterday sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for attempting to bribe an immigration officer to pass certain immigrants as citizens.

Rathbun's Trial Begins.

Jeffersonville, Ind., Dec. 20.—The trial of Newell C. Rathbun, formerly a soldier in the regular army, who is charged with having caused the death of Charles Goodman in this city last month, began in the circuit court Thursday.

Cameron County Press
ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Per year.....$2 00
If paid is advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

What They Want and Don't Want.

"It is the Protection that Protects that the foreigners object to," says the New York "Mail and Express." Tersely, excellently put. It is that, also, to which the Free-Traders object. Any concession in Tariff duties which fails to remove the bars to our big home market is to the foreigner a mockery and an irritation. It would not help him a particle. What he wants is not the reduction, but the total abolition of duties which Protect. No one knows better than the would be foreign competitor that partial Protection is no Protection. If the line of Tariff duties be lowered bacause, in the opinion of the Babcock school of guessers, they are not needed for Protection, that does nobody any good, and may do somebody harm. For example, iron and steel duties. How would their reduction benefit the foreigner? He asks for bread and you give him a stone. What he wants is a chance to sell his goods in this market. Under existing conditions—conditions, however, which may not always exist—he could not sell his iron and steel here, even though the duties were wholly removed.

Commissioner Kasson had the better idea—better, that is, from the foreigner's point of view. He proposed something of real advantage to foreign producers, and if his plan were to be adopted it would not be long before every producing country of Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa, and South America would have its special trade treaty privilege of underselling the American producer in his own market. As a matter of fact, Kassonism is more to be dreaded than Babcockism. The country wants neither. Separately or in combination they would prove an industrial scourge, a financial earthquake. Free-Traders want them; foreigners pine for them; American producers, wage-earners and consumers will have none of them.

Elkin for Governor.

Punxsutawney Spirit.

The Republicans of this part of the State are for John P. Elkin for Governor. They have unbounded faith in his integrity and ability, and admire his stalwart Republicanism. And they have no patience with those gentlemen who, with private grievances and personal prejudices rankling in their bosoms, want to palm them off as patriotism and public virtues. That Elkin has been the target for the abuse of those who have sought for the past five years to wreck the Republican party, is not to be wondered at, for he has been, during all that time, one of the most serious obstacles in the way of their success. In every battle of the party he has been at the front, flashing the sword of enthusiasm, and cheering his comrades on to victory.

Is an army to desert its leader because the enemy doesn't like him?

"Give us a man," say some of those who are smarting under the blows of his good right arm, "that we can all unite on—one of those timid gentlemen who took to cover while the battle was raging, and who was careful not to indicate even where his spmpathies lay."

We do not want that kind of a man for Governor. The true blue, stalwart Republicans of Pennsylvania, who constitute the vast majority of the party, demand a man like John P. Elkin, who is always out in the open.

"It will be another Delamater campaign," say those who are nursing private griefs. Let not thy discreet heart think it. There is no parallel between them. Elkin is a strong, manly man, who can defend himself against all comers. He is well-known as a gallant and uncompromising party leader. His ability is not questioned even by his enemies. He is as frank and open as the day, and his genial character makes everybody his friend. He has the qualities of a leader of men, and possesses every element of popularity. Besides, the people are for him, and his success is dear to their hearts.

Delamater was—well, Delamater was different.

In the village of Smicksburg, just a few miles below Punxsutawney, where there are plenty of people still living who knew John P. Elkin as a barefooted urchin, "with his satchel and shining morning face creeping like snail unwillingly to school," and who have watched his struggles from obscurity to eminence, would regard his elevation to the Governor's chair as a personal vindication of the American boy. And it would be so regarded by every one who knew the history of his early life. His father did him the kindness to emigrate from Ireland when a young man and permit his son John to be born in America. That was all. John did the rest.

Rich Valley.

The severe winter weather has changed suddenly to mild breezes.

The schools of the Valley will have their vacation Xmas week.

The Sunday School at the church is a permanent organization. A good move indeed.

Miss Gertrude Barton is visiting her father Charles Barton at Emporium a few days.

We observe that Wm. McGee has returned from Potter county to spend the Holidays.

Mrs. Josephine Carter is steadily improving, a fact we are glad to apprise her many friends of.

We learn that Frank Lockwood has disposed of his two teams of horses to Howard & Co.

We are delighted to note that Miss Gertie Housler, who has been dangerously ill, is some better at this writing.

The Wesleyan Methodists expect to hold revival services in the Valley in the near future. The harvest surely is ripe.

The oyster supper at L. Lockwood's on Christmas eve is an event eagerly looked forward to by our young people.

The people of the Valley are visiting Emporium quite frequently the past few days, looking for the place where Santa Claus' cart tipped over.

ZANTIPPE.

Of Benefit to You.

D. S. Mitchell, Fulford, Md., "During a long illness I was troubled with bed sores, was advised to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and did so with wonderful results. I was perfectly cured. It is the best salve on the market." Sure cure for piles, sores, burns. Beware of counterfeits. R. C. Dodson.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN

Recommendations of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, constricted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial afflictions. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal penacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Melendy, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by L. Taggart.

Fools build houses and wise men buy them.

Saved His Life.

"I wish to say that I feel I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure," writes H. C. Chrestenson, of Hayfield, Minn. "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsal of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. Now I am cured and recommend it to all." Digests your food. Cures all stomach troubles. R. C. Dodson.

Now everybody is rushing to get into a tunnel scheme.

Information Wanted.

The manufacturers of Banner Salve having always believed that no doctor or medicine can cure in every case, but never having heard where Banner Salve failed to cure ulcers, sores, tetter, eczema, or piles, as a matter of curiosity would like to know if there are such cases. If so they will gladly refund the money. L. Taggart.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by L. Taggart.

Every canal man in Congress has his spade out.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. For sale by L. Taggart.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

NO LONGER PARTNERS

Flinn's Newspaper Friends in Allegheny Score Wanamaker.

A VERY SIGNIFICANT BREAK

The Old Insurgent Combine Has Lost Connections In Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and Is Now In a Very Bad Way.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Dec. 17.—Evidence multiplies to show that the insurgent organization which has been arrayed against the Republican party in Pennsylvania is disintegrating rapidly, and that there will soon be nothing left of this guerrilla combination but the personal machine of John Wanamaker and the newspapers whose political policy is controlled by the advertising patronage and other considerations which come from Wanamakerism and always seem to bring practical results.

Throughout the last two sessions of the legislature of Pennsylvania, when the Wanamaker adherents and other insurgents were lined up against the Republican members of the senate and house, the David Martin followers of Philadelphia and the supporters of William Flinn, of Allegheny, constituted a large majority of those elected as Republicans who refused to abide by the action of the Republican caucus as voicing the will of the majority of the Republican members of the general assembly. These Philadelphia and Allegheny members, with the scattering insurgents from several interior counties and the Democrats, formed a combine which for an entire session prevented the election of a United States senator.

In the last session the regulars were enabled to organize both branches of the legislature, to elect a United States senator and pass legislation restoring the $1,000,000 taken from the public schools, giving the farmers the necessary legislation to prevent the sale of oleomargarine colored as butter, and to enact other laws demanded by the farmers, the laboring men and the business interests.

The master mind of the combination arrayed against the Republican party, the most general generous contributor to the "cause of reform," and never relenting foe of the stalwart leaders of the Republican organization, John Wanamaker, has from the time he engaged in state politics, always counted upon the support of Martin and Flinn. Now Martin has practically been bowled out of politics in Philadelphia by reason of his continued warfare against the Republican organization. It is conceded that Martin will not be able to succeed himself in the state senate. In the recent campaign, when he espoused the cause of the Union party, the Republican candidates carried his district by nearly 1,000 majority. Districts which Martin controlled in the last legislature will unquestionably be carried by the Republican stalwarts at the next election for members of the legislature. The Philadelphia delegation will practically be unanimous for the re-election of Boies Penrose to the United States senate.

With Philadelphia lost to Wanamakerism in the coming contest, and Allegheny also no longer affiliated with his insurgent political interests, Wanamaker will have a hard time getting together a corporal's guard to follow his insurgent standard. Without entering into the controversy between the leaders of the several elements in Allegheny county, there can be no questioning the fact that there is no faction that will co-operate with Wanamaker in any crusade he may inaugurate against the Republican organization.

Within the last few days the Wanamaker newspaper of Philadelphia has had a series of articles reflecting upon practically all of the newspapers of Pittsburg, as none of them has any consideration for the Wanamaker brand of politics. The Pittsburg Times, which for years was owned by the late Senator C. L. Magee, and which has since his death been a supporter of the Allegheny county organization, of which Senator William Flinn is the leader, paid its respects to Wanamaker and his journalistic mouthpiece in a manner to indicate the loss to Wanamakerism of the Flinn element in western Pennsylvania.

Said the Pittsburg Times, under the caption "A Deliberate Liar:" The Philadelphia North American, having failed so brilliantly to reform the city of Philadelphia, has now taken up the task of giving to Pittsburg some faint air of respectability. In the course of a column or so of tommy-rot printed in its issue of yesterday this great engine of truth permits one of its hired hands to discuss the reasons for Pittsburg's so-called lack of public conscience—as if the North American had either a public or a private conscience. It appears that the depths of woe in which this journal finds Pittsburg are largely chargeable to the newspapers of this city. As to what it says of other papers in Pittsburg the Times has no concern. But the following is a deliberate lie, and the man who wrote it, as well as the man who inspired it, knew it to be a lie.

The Times then quotes from the North American charging it with being controlled by official advertising, and replies that such advertising was obtained through open and competitive bidding. In concluding the Times says:

"The North American, absolutely controlled as it is by John Wanamaker, yet afraid to admit it, as he is ashamed to confess it, should in all decency keep hands off other newspapers. Nowhere in the United States is there a newspaper so entirely unreliable as it is in its every feature, or so utterly unworthy of credence in whatever it does or says. Its only respectable portion is that which is devoted to advertising, which is too meagre to count for much."

That Flinn and Wanamaker have dissolved political partnership would seem to be apparent.

NO MORE FUSION

Democrats and Republican Allies Have Had Enough.

SENTIMENT SEEMS GENERAL

A Widespread Feeling In Favor of Strengthening the Regular Organization of the Two Older Parties and Let Insurgents Flock By Themselves

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—That the regular Democrats of the Quaker City have scored a triumph over the annex of the insurgent Republican outfit, known as the Gordon Democracy, would appear from statements made by leading members of the executive committee of the Democratic state committee and members of the Hasson committee, which was appointed by the last state convention to reorganize the Democracy of Philadelphia.

Since the failure of the campaign to elect the Union party candidates, Yerkes and Coray, there has been a growing sentiment among Democrats throughout Pennsylvania to stand by straight Democracy hereafter and to insist upon independent Republicans voting for Democrats when they seek to defeat regular Republican candidates.

There were several meetings of the local Democrats within the last few days. The regulars have revised their rules so as to let the bars down for all Democrats of whatever faction to attend the primaries in January, and they are ready to submit to the state leaders copies of their new rules and agree to any reasonable proposition to let the bolting Democrats who went over to the Union party back into the Democratic fold.

FUSION HAS BEEN A FAILURE.

The sentiment in every part of the state among Democrats against having anything to do with the Union party Republican malcontents is so universal that Guffey will have to cut loose from the Union party politicians to retain his leadership in the Democratic organization.

In Chester county the straight Democrats served notice upon County Chairman Cavanaugh that if he did not declare in favor of a policy of straight Democratic nominations and in opposition to all fusion schemes, he would be deposed from the chairmanship of the county committee. Cavanaugh was quick to recognize the feeling among the rank and file of his party and promptly announced that hereafter he will be against fusion nominations of every kind.

In Democratic counties, particularly, the hostility to the Union party is very pronounced. The trend of sentiment appears to be in favor of loyalty to regular party nominees, both Republican and Democratic.

The Democrats find that they have gained nothing by affiliating with the Republican insurgents, and the Republicans who took the advice of the insurgent leaders and cut the Republican ticket have discovered that they have lost standing among their Republican neighbors, and have gotten nothing for their disloyalty to their party and their assistance given ambitious men who have been working them for their own selfish purposes.

FOOLISH CAMPAIGN TACTICS.

While the Union party leaders have been steadily losing their following in the several counties, they have not given up their insurgent campaigning in the newspapers.

They have been aided by one or two ambitious Republicans, who, while claiming to be regulars, have been sewing seeds of discord with a view to weakening regular Republican leaders and favorites and make the road to the attainment of their objects less difficult. Candidates for honors from the state convention to be held next year have been sending to Republican newspapers material which on the surface would appear to be in favor of Republican harmony and the advancement of the Republican organization, but which in reality would tend to serve the cause of the insurgents by misrepresenting the work of the Republicans in the last legislature and making it appear that the present leadership of the Republican organization has not acted wisely and with the best interests of the party and the state at heart.

Such methods must certainly react upon those responsible for them, and in the end the rank and file of the Republican organization will become acquainted with the facts and express themselves accordingly at the primary elections.

With the Democrats deserting the Union party, and with the insurgent organization rapidly breaking up, men who claim to be stalwart Republicans and who secretly try to weaken the present Republican organization, will not succeed in anything they undertake.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania are determined to keep their party in line with the national organization and in good shape for the election of Republican members of congress and the success of the entire Republican state ticket next fall.

OUR
Holiday Announcement

As the holiday season approaches and the many shoppers are looking for useful presents, we wish to inform the people of this town and county that we have one of the most handsome and stylish lines of Clothing that has ever been exhibited in this town. We handle nothing but union-made goods. For a Christmas present, what would be more appropriate than a nice Suit or Overcoat; the price is moderate and the quality of the goods and workmanship equal to the best.

Strong clothes to stand the wear and tear, as illustration, is what is needed for the boys.

Stylish Suits and Overcoats

We pride ourselves on our handsome Suits and Overcoats Call and see them. They are beauties.

We have a most elegant line of Ladies' Furs and invite all the ladies to inspect this stock.

We wish to thank the people of Emporium and vicinity for their generous patronage in the past and hope our dealing has been satisfactory to all.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am

Respectfully yours,

Jasper Harris,
The People's Popular Clothier.

Holiday Goods.

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE.

CHINA WARE at REDUCED PRICES

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!
Don't buy until you have priced them.

DOLLS FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Comb and Brush Sets from one dollar up to four dollars.

Sterling Silver Novelties. A great variety.

If you fail to call and examine Taggart's Christmas stock before buying you will be the looser.

L. TAGGART.

Fall and Winter Stock

OUR Fall and Winter stock of ew goods has arrived, and our store is full of bargains. - - -

The public is invited to call and examine goods and get prices. - - -

J. E. SMITH,
Sterling Run, Pa.

Dress Well! Look Well! How?

To dress well and look well is the aim of the average man. You cannot do better so purchase one of those neat-fitting, stylish suits at

FRANK F. SEGER'S.

OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Will please you and the prices will make them go, make you happy, make us feel good and we will all feel good. We never boast, but will just say that, as every one knows, our stock is large and just what you want to see.

Every department is fully up to date.

FRANK F. SEGER.

East Allegheny Ave.

HARPER WHISKY

Pure and Mellow; Rich and Delicate.

For sale by
WM. McGEE.

THE PRESS IS THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS IN THIS SECTION. LOW PRIC

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 10, 1901.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 15
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	70
Patent Meal, "	55
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 60
Chop Feed, "	1 60
Middlings, Fancy "	1 60
Bran,	1 50
Corn, per bushel,	89
White Oats, per bushel,	62
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

Drugs for Christmas.

You don't expect to give drugs as Christmas gifts. But you need drugs at that season anyway. Need drugs in preparing for the day and need drugs in overcoming the effects of the day! Our drugs will help your health and please your system.

Dodson's Syrup of White Pine and Honey will stop that cough. Try it and be convinced.

R. C. DODSON.
Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

H. B. Shugart, of Millport, Pa., is guest of his son and family, at this place.

Miss Encie Howard, who has been attending school at Albany, N. Y., is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Rachel Gifford, sister of J. K. and Robert Morrison from Millburg, Michigan, is visiting her relatives and friends in Emporium and vicinity.

Mr. B. Nefcey, of Driftwood, Pa., transacted business in town on Monday and called at the PRESS office and placed his paper in advance for 1902.

Mrs. W. C. Clarke, of Reading, is visiting her sons at this place, guest of J. W. Clarke and wife, having arrived Sunday evening on the 4:20 express.

Mr. Willard Sprout and family returned to Hughesville last week, Mr. Sprout's health being poorly was the cause of their return to their old home.

Miss Ruth Minick, of this place, who is a student at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, returned home Friday evening last for her holiday vacation. —Ridgway Advocate.

Mrs. B. T. Benn and niece, of Washington State, are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. F. Parsons, at this place. This is her first visit to Emporium in eighteen years.

Prof. W. J. and Geo. W. Leavitt, the former teacher at Sizerville and the latter teacher at Moore Hill, were PRESS callers on Saturday. Both are worthy young men and bound to succeed.

Mr. E. Watterman, late chief electrician of Pan-American Exposition who, with his wife, are visiting her mother and other relatives at this place, was a pleasant visitor to the PRESS sanctum on Monday, accompanied by Assessor Charles L. Butler. Our readers all know what a pleasant gentleman Mr. Butler is to converse with upon any subject. Mr. Watterman is equal to Butler and we found him a very intelligent gentleman and evidently fully posted in his line of work, as well as upon all public questions.

Mrs. J. H. Swain and children, of Keating Summit, are visiting in town.

W. L Dixon, of Lumber, the coal operator, was a PRESS visitor on Monday.

Mrs. M. M. Larrabee is quite seriously indisposed, suffering from a sprained ankle.

Fred Johnson is home from Swarthmore College to pass the Holidays with his father.

Ye editor and wife and Miss May Gould will eat their Christmas turkey with Eldred relatives.

Don M. Larrabee, has arrived from University of Pennsylvania to pass Xmas. festivities at home.

Geo. Howard is home from Cheshire Military Academy, to pass the Holiday season with his mother and family.

Mrs. Noble Watson and children are visiting her father, Mr. J. D. Bucher, and sister, Miss Emma, at this place.

B. W. Green. Esq., one of the Charleston Exposition Commissioners, mails us copies of Charleston dailies.

Miss Mary Davison, who attends school at Chambersburg, is at home visiting her parents during the Holidays.

Jos. DeLong came up from Hyner this (Tuesday) morning to eat his Christmas dinner with Emporium friends.

Frank Downey arrived this (Tuesday) morning from Harrisburg, being called here to attend the funeral of his brother.

Miss Marian Larrabee is home from DuBois, where she is engaged as teacher in the public schools, to visit with parents and brothers.

Mrs. Emma Merreseau Newton who has been seriously indisposed for two weeks, we are pleased to inform her friends is improving under Dr. Bardwell's care.

Mrs. J. B. Schriever and daughter Irene, of Scranton, are visiting the former's parents in town. Mr. Schriever will arrive the latter part of the week to visit a few days.

Michael Conroy, a former Emporium boy was in town last Saturday, having returned from eastern places where he was examining the several important yard facilities, connected with the Pennsylvania R. R. Mr. Conroy has been appointed yard Master at Ebenezer, N. Y.

D. B. Morton came over from Clermont, where he is conductor on Clermont Branch, to pass Christmas with his family at Sizerville. He informs the PRESS that his father-in-law, who is past 80, will have a family reunion next Monday, at his residence on Sizer Run.

Grant S. Wiley came over from Galeton on Saturday to visit his mother and family. He returned home on Monday, accompanied by his sister, Miss Jettie, who will remain there until after New Year's day and assist in entertaining that boy, lately arrived at Grant's home.

Thanks.

The Ladies of D. W. Taggart Relief Corpse No. 89, wish to thank the different church congregations for contribution so kindly made at the Union Thanksgiving service.

Respectfully,
MRS. D. DOWNEY, Sec'y.
MRS. R. P. HEILMAN, Pres.

He May Come This Way.

A smooth swindler has been victimizing Catholics in western Pennsylvania. He pretends te be a Catholic student for priesthood and also calls himself brother John. His devices for swindling extend from soliciting subscriptions for charities to the sale of periodicals, rosaries and other articles used in worship. His favorite game is to state that he is the accepted agent for prayer books and other periodicals and to secure advance payments of from $2 to $4, and promise that the nearest priest would deliver the same. He cleared up more than $150 in Titusville during the time the missionaries were at work there and later has robbed the people of Mageetown. Patroleum Centre and Spartonsburg. Nearly every Catholic family in Salina, Cranberry township, Venango county, fell a victim to his plausible lies. He last operations were in Rouseville last Friday.

His description is as follows: Rawboned and spare built and about five feet, eleven inches tall. Complexion very dark and smooth shaved. His beard is heavy, coarse and black. A striking peculiarity is the extreme length of his neck, much more than that of the average man and accented by the fact that he wears a turn-down collar. His clothing is black.

Busy, Jolly Santa Claus

[Copyright, 1901, by Hamilton Musk.]

Santa Claus' long white beard, his rotund proportions, red, cheery face and generally jolly good fellow appearances are borrowings from pagan traditions and art. He is the type of one who has an abundance of the good things of life himself or can command them by the exercise of some magic and wants to see them go around.

The chimney and stocking business is all due to an accident long, long ago, but trust one so clever as St. Nicholas to know a good thing even if it happened to him, so he's kept up the trick and given a sort of sacredness to ways that are sooty and apparel which is one degree below the unmentionable. This was the original chimney and stocking incident: St. Nicholas wanted to convey a purse of gold to a very worthy family which happened to be in deep distress, but he didn't wish to make the charity offensive. He reached the house on Christmas eve and, looking through the window, saw the gray haired head of the family hanging up his stockings to dry before a wide, old fashioned fireplace. After the folks had all retired and had time to fall into deep sleep the saint climbed to the roof and, taking the purse, dropped it down the flue with a sort of curved pitch which landed it in one of the stockings.

Of course the recipients of this marvelous gift didn't keep it quiet, and the good old soul who was at the bottom of it found out how much good he had done. The next year he went back and saw the stocking in place for another windfall, so he chipped in another purse. A third year he repeated it, and always after that the old man hung up his stocking regularly the night of the 24th of December. Whether or not the gold continued to flow in tradition does not say, but every child knows that Santa Claus has been around annually each year since that time and has filled the stockings in evidence with all sorts of things according to the needs and deserts of the owners. Even birch rods, long and tough, have been known to whisk from the upper air straight down the crooked chimney flue and land in the stockings of boys who ought to have them. It is no easy task for even a saint to know what each of so many millions ought to have, but he evens things up somehow so that there is no cause for complaint. He hasn't made any contract, and no one can reasonably complain if the unexpected happens.

Some people profess to be able to read character by the feet of the subject. Perhaps the jolly old patron of gift giving has learned to read in the stockings put before him the deeds of the owners, thus being able to reward or punish. In the

OLD SANTA IN HIS DEN.

good old days it was a tradition that if a miss hung up a stocking with holes in it she would be punished for laziness. Boys' stockings shouldn't have nail holes in them nor be frayed at the toes, for the one is a sign of laziness in not removing the nails from the boots and the other the boorish habit of kicking at everything in sight, even the new furniture.

JONATHAN JOYCE.

The Stocking He Missed.

"Well, well, but that's jest like me! I've given everybody else a present and forgotten my own stocking."

Krause's Headache Capsules are unlike anything prepared in America. They were first prescribed by Dr. Krause, Germany's famous court physician, long before antipyrine was discovered, and are almost marvelous, so speedily do they cure the most distressing cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart.

There is still some luck in the Jones family.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. 42-3t

A Good Cough Medicine.
[From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.]
I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great plaasure in recommending it—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefitted, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by L. Taggart.

The owner has one house, the renter a thousand.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by L. Taggart.

A fine cage won't feed the bird.

An Evangelist's Story.
"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. James Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind." One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for coughs, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it. R. C. Dodson.

He that buildeth his house upon an ill site, committeth himself to prison.

Health and Beauty.
A poor complexion is usually the result of a torpid liver or irregular action of the bowels. Unless nature's retuse is corried off it will surely cause impure blood. Pimples, boils and other eruptions follow. This is nature's method of throwing off the poisons which the bowels failed to remove. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are world famous for remedying this condition. They stimulate the liver and promote regular and healthy action of the bowels but never cause griping, cramps or distress. Safe pills. R. C. Dodson.

Zinc and Grinding Make
Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint wear twice sa long as lead and oil mixed by hand.
tf

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1901.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 14th, 1902, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Administratrix's Notice.

Estate of CHARLES W. BELDIN, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the estate of Charles W. Beldin, deceased, late of Grove township, Cameron county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same for settlement.

MARTHA B. BELDIN,
Administratrix.
Sinnamahoning, Pa., Dec. 16th, 1901.—4t.

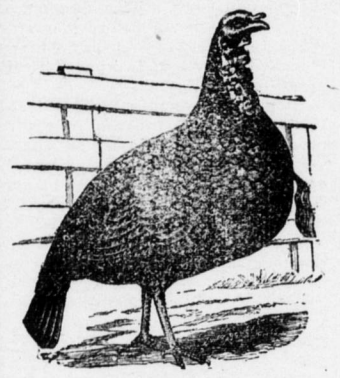
SPECIAL
Reduction Sale
IN
LADIES' COATS,
CAPES,
RAINY-DAY SKIRTS,
MERCERIZED
SATIN PETTICOATS,
LADIES FLANNEL WAISTS, DRESS GOODS AND BELTS.
To close out the line at
KELLEY'S VARIETY STORE,
(Formerly W. H. Cramer's)
MANY SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Proportionate bargains in every department.

Christmas 1901
DAY'S,
THE SATISFACTORY STORE

NUTS, FIGS, DATES, RAISINS, CITRON, CURRANTS, PRUNES, CRACKERS, IMPORTED GROCERIES

Our store is packed from floor to ceiling with good things, brought from far and near, for Christmas trade.

The great variety of goods found here makes Xmas shopping in groceries, etc., easy. No trouble at all. One can see at a glance, just what is needed and rest assured it will be as represented.



Turkeys,
Ducks,
Geese,
Chickens.

The choicest the market affords, at prices that are right. Our past record in the handling of poultry, will be sufficient evidence to those who buy of us from year to year.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS NOW
and thus lesson the possibility of any dissatisfaction.

GRAPE FRUIT, ORANGES, APPLES, GRAPES, CRANBERRIES, BANANAS.

LETTUCE, CELERY, SWEET POTATOES, SQUASH, PURE SPICES, HERBS.

All these are necessary to help you in your selection of good things for the Xmas feast, and will be found here in abundance.

GROCERIES

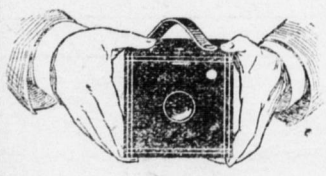
Of course you will need many little articles in this line. You can hardly mention an article you need, that we cannot furnish. No need to go elsewhere. Just leave your order for all, and save time and trouble. It will have careful attention at our hands, whether large or small.

Don't forget to order a pound or two of
"ROYAL" JAVA AND MOCHA.
The Queen of blended Coffee. Your Christmas will not be complete without it. It is the kind that will help to bring good cheer.

SPECIAL sale of nuts and candies, from now until Xmas, English Walnuts, 16c lb.; Almonds—hard shell, 18c lb.; soft shell, 23c lb., Filberts, 15c lb.; Mixed Nuts, 16c lb.
CANDIES. Large variety, 10c to 25c lb. Don't pay more.

'Phone 6.
J. H. DAY.

EASTMAN'S KODAK



You can carry it in your hands, on your shoulder, in your pocket or on your bicycle. You press the button and the Kodak will the rest.

"A Dollar Saved, is a Dollar Earned."

We can save you lots of dollars by buying your Wall Paper, Curtains and Paints of us.

H. S. LLOYD.

WHEN CINDA SWEEPS.

When Cinda sews, within the lamp's clear beam,
Just mellowed by a shade of porcelain white,
Around her chestnut head soft shadows dream,
Spun by the elfin fingers of the night.
The moths, with silvery wings, come wavering in
The open door, through which some late red rose
Pours fragrance rich; and all is calm and fair
When Cinda sews.

When Cinda bakes, what odors as from isles
Of clove and citron float upon the air.
And in the pantry—oh, what witching piles
Of crusty rolls and frosted tarts are there!
A dream of far-off eastern light—and warmth
In some strange wise she mingles in her cakes;
Some subtle atmosphere the kitchen fills
When Cinda bakes.

When Cinda sweeps—Ah me! The dismal tale
Is almost more than my poor pen can tell.
The cloudy waves and billows that do sail
About my ears, my spirits crush and quell.
Poor Cupid drops his arrows right and left
Distractedly; the Muse turns blue and weeps,
And, sniffing, flies away to dry her eyes,
When Cinda sweeps.

—Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1898, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER IV.
RECONNOITERINGS.

I wore out the first day of Macpherson's absence sitting in the shade of the ranch house, and moving only as the sun compelled. There was healing in the thin, crisp air, and I went to bed at nightfall to sleep as I had not slept for months. On the second day I ate like a famished wolf, and the siren hope began to croon the song so familiar to the ears of the consumptive. Once more I made the slow circuit of the ranch house, hitching my chair in opposition to the sun; and the foothills across the valley beckoned me. In the heel of the afternoon, Andy came out to peel the potatoes for supper, and I inquired the distance to the beckoning hills.

"Mile and a half, 'r maybe two."

"Is there a horse in the corral that a sick man might ride?"

Andy took time to consider. "I dunno," said he. "There's old Bluenose—he's wind-busted; want to try him?"

"Yes; if you can spare the time to saddle him for me."

In five minutes the bronco was at the door and the kindly desperado heaved me bodily into the saddle.

"Reckon you can stick on?" said he.

"I guess so. Does he buck?"

"They all do, if you give 'em time to study about it. Give him his head and run him a mile 'r so, if you can stan' it. That'll take the funny-business out o' him."

I did it, and being but a sorry horseman, must have presented a spectacle for gods and men in the mad gallop across the valley. So far from showing signs of exhaustion at the mile-end, the bronco locked his jaw on the bit, swerved aside from the slope of the hill which I had counted upon as a speed-reducer, and was half way to the head of the valley before I could get weight enough on the bridle-reins to pull him down. When he realized that I desired to stop, he promptly shot me over his head into a patch of sage-grass and went his way without me. Whereupon followed a series of maneuvers looking to repossession, and at the end of it the sun had gone down on a luckless caballero four miles from camp, too weary to walk, and unable to recapture his mount.

I flung myself down under the lee of a huge bowlder and wondered if the bronco would be considerate enough to send some one after me by going back to the ranch riderless. It seemed doubtful. His final disappearance had been over the hills to the northward. Into the midst of the chance-weighing came the beat of hoofs on the crest above me, and presently I saw the figure of a horseman silhouetted against the sky on the hilltop. It was Kilgore; and while I looked he came down the hill at a jog-trot. Fifty feet from my bowlder the pony stumbled, and horse and man came down together. Kilgore rose cursing, and kicked the bronco to its feet.

"Blame your or'nary hide! Cayn't you lif' them ther' feet o' your'n when you see a dog-hole? Now then, what's the matter with you?"

The horse jerked its head free and limped a few paces up the hill, stopping presently with its muzzle to the ground, pointing as a trained bird-dog might. The range-rider stopped to pull up a freshly driven stake and read the marking thereon.

"'X—16—2'; that's some o' their blame' ingineerin' lingo, I reckon. I'd like to git my lariat 'round the neck o' the feller th't's a-stakin' off this yere rise. I'd show him what hit feel like to git th'owed."

He flung the stake afar, and leaving the bronco to its own devices, sought and found the line of the ditch, following it and destroying the engineer's landmarks for a good half-mile. When he returned he found me holding the pony, and went agape accordingly.

"Well, I'll be dad-burned! Where did you fall from, 's what I'd like to know?"

"From the back of a certain ill-conditioned beast named 'Bluenose.' He pitched me off and ran away. I'm too weak to walk; do you suppose you could catch him for me?"

"Catch nothin'! I'll show you a trick worth two o' that. Jest lemme boost you across this yere grasshopper o' mine and we'll ride and tie—you do the ridin' and I'll do the tyin.' Blame' if you hain't got your sand with you to git up out of a sick-bed and make a stagger at ridin' a cow-pony. Easy, now, ol' Swayback; we're a-runnin' an amb'lance from this on."

Ordinarily, Kilgore was reticence personified, but on the four-mile jaunt to the valley-throat he talked against time, and a very dull listener could have seen the drift of it, which was to bury the stake-pulling episode as deeply as possible. But I would not let him go without his warning.

"I saw you pull a lot of the land company's stakes, Bart," I said, when the ranch lights were in sight. "I'm afraid you'll hear from it."

"What'll they do to me, d'ye reckon?"

"Nothing, I presume, because they won't know who did it. But it'll make trouble for the captain."

Kilgore plodded on in silence for a full minute before he replied: "Reckon so? I'll be dad-burned if they do. I'll go pull up some more in the mornin' and cyar' 'em up yonder to His Jags' camp. Blame' if I don't."

When we reached the ranch house Macpherson had come home and was about to start out in search of me. I took my scolding like a guilty schoolboy.

"You ought to be thumped," he said, when I had been helped down. "Haven't you a grain of sense left?"

"Plenty of it; it was the horse that was lacking. I was all right as long as he let me stay on."

"Oh, you were"—with fine sarcasm—"Well, I suppose you're good for a week in blankets to pay for it. Knocked your good appetite silly, didn't it?"

"Come in to supper and I'll show you. I'm good for anything, from pate de foie gras to boiled dog."

It was three full days, and I had ennuyed myself into a state of coma, before Macpherson would let me try it again, and when he finally consented we went together, ambling the length of his small kingdom and pausing only when the horses of the settlement came in sight from the brow of a low hill dominating the clustered farmsteads and the engineer's camp at Valley Head. I wanted to go on, but Macpherson shook his head.

"No; you've had enough, and more than enough, for one day. You forget that the nearest undertaker is at the fort."

"I forget nothing. Give me that glass."

When I had focused the field glass he said: "What do you see?"

"I see the promise of a remarkably beautiful sunset."

"Is that all?"

"No; I see a log cabin which I take to be a schoolhouse. The door is open, and there is some one standing on the step—a young woman, I should say—" I dropped the glass and turned upon him quickly enough to surprise the beatific eagerness in his face.

"It's she," he said, rather sheepishly; and then: "Do you really think you could manage another mile or two and make out to get home alive?"

I laughed. His wistfulness was beautiful to behold. "I can do better than that; I can find my way back alone."

"And get thrown again—not much you don't. Besides, I want you to meet her."

"Do you? It's much better as it stands. You can tell me all sorts of affectionate little fictions about her and I shan't be able to contradict them."

"I wish you'd stop devilling me long enough to say yes or no," he growled.

For answer I led the way westward at a double, and ten minutes later we were climbing the schoolhouse knoll. The gallop had been wrought out in silence, but while the horses were breasting the hill, Macpherson said: "Of course, you understand that what I told you about the—about the fracas with Wykamp must be as if it had never happened?"

"My dear boy! Was I born yesterday? But you've seen her since, haven't you?"

"No; I thought she would— I thought perhaps it would be better to let it age a little, you know."

Here was embarrassment made to order, but I found comfort in the reflection that the chapter of accidents, helped out by a little tactful design on my part, would doubtless give me an opportunity to efface myself after the introduction.

Knowing Macpherson and his sterling worth, and remembering the proverbial blindness of lovers in general, I was prepared to criticise the school-mistress as the facts might warrant. But when she came to the door to greet us, I went over to the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons. I had pictured her as a young woman of the altitudes, schooled in the innocent little man-entangling arts of the girl-graduate; a woman of the broader world only by courtesy of a high-school diploma; a young person who would be careful to make the distinction in pronouncing "rise" the verb, and "rise" the noun, perhaps, with a cheerful disregard for the weightier solecisms. So ran the preconception, and when she came out to us the revulsion was sharp enough to be painful. More beautiful women than Winifred Sanborn there have been, doubtless, but never another more instantaneously lovable. She was of the chastened Puritan type, with a personality of grace rather than of strength; a young woman with a face and figure which might have been a replica in flesh and blood of the calm-eyed maiden in the pictured idyl of Priscilla and John Alden. Gentleness, and high breeding, and an idealized standard of purity were hers by right of birth, one would say, since the witness of them was written large in every line of the sweet face and in the unashamed gaze of the steadfast eyes. I remembered the unworthy suspicion which Macpherson had refused to let me set in words, and did instant and ample penance for its harboring. Whatever might prove to be the windings of the labyrinth in which she seemed to be involved with Wykamp, this honest-eyed young woman must be held blameless in thought, word and deed.

She made me welcome as Macpherson's friend with a touch of gentle courtesy which carried me swiftly back to a time and place where the strenuous travail-spirit of the egoistic west was not.

"We are not quite strangers, are we, Mr. Halcott?" she said, giving me her hand in unaffected sincerity. "Mr. Macpherson has told me much about you. I hope the Torolito is helping you."

"Thank you; it is, in a way—temporarily, at least. But one would need to be a very exacting invalid not to be helped by the Torolito."

"I'm glad you like it," she rejoined, in an upflash of gentle enthusiasm. "When I was a new-comer I used to lie awake nights listening to the thunder of the river in the upper canyon, and longing to be up and out with the solemn mountains and the stream and the soft darkness. It was the Happy valley of Rasselas over again; but they're going to spoil it for us now."

"The land company, you mean?" said I; and from this the talk went easily to the threatened metamorphosis. At the end of it, I said: "If I were rich enough I should be tempted to try to buy them off. It's a thousand pities to graft a truck-farm upon such a shapely stock of nature's growing."

"Isn't it?" she said.

Macpherson was growing restive. "Don't you want to go inside and lie down on one of the benches, Halcott? It'll rest you for the ride back. You're looking a bit fagged."

I smiled at his clumsy attempt to dispose of me, and glanced at Miss Sanborn. She was evidently bracing herself for something trying but inevitable.

"If I get down I shall never get up again," said I. "Now that we're this near, I'm going to ride on to the end of the valley. Put me on the horse, Angus, and wait for me; I'll pick you up as I come back."

He did it, with palpable gratitude; and so I rode on and left them.

Fifteen minutes later I repassed the schoolhouse; and, not to mar their leave-takings, waved my hand to them and rode on down the valley. Macpherson overtook me in the second half-mile, and the gloom in his face was absolutely portentous. I charged it to my inconsiderate haste, and made instant amends.

"Go along back to her, if you want to; I told you I could find the way home alone."

For five full minutes he did not reply. Then the words came tumultwise.

"That's the heart-breaking pity of it, Jack; I can never go back to her. Do you understand?—never. For heaven's sake, bear with me if you can, old man; I shall go mad if I don't talk about it. She says it's all over between us; that we mustn't meet again; that if I'm obstinate, as I promised to be, she'll go as she came. And she wouldn't tell me why. God in Heaven! what have I done?"

"It's nothing you've done or left undone. Can't you see?—it's Wykamp."

Macpherson consigned the engineer to a place from which the theologians assure us there is no escape.

"That's all right; his Creator may send him there, but you're under bonds not to."

The double quartette of pounding hoofs beat out another mile of silence, and then he broke out again. "Damn it all, man, why don't you say something?"

"I've been trying to think of something worth saying. Let's begin at the beginning. Here is a very riddle of a mystery with only two people who can solve it. One of the two won't talk; ergo, the other must be made to. You were in Fort Cowan the other day. May I inquire what you did?"

"I located a placer prospect on the line of the Glenlivat ditch, and made ready to ask for an injunction if Wykamp runs his survey across it."

"Good! But you also asked questions. Who knows anything about Wykamp?"

"Nobody at the fort; he's from the east."

"Who employs him?"

"The board of directors, I suppose. He's the chief engineer of the company."

"Who are the directors?"

He named the members of the board.

"Lovatt's one of them, you say?"

"Yes."

"That's lucky for us. Can you spare one of the boys to take a letter to town for me?"

"Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I know Lovatt pretty well; he's under obligations to me, in fact. I shall ask him for a letter of introduction to his chief engineer."

"What good will that do?"

"Much, let us hope. Armed with my letter, I shall proceed to quarter my ailing self upon Wykamp for a day, a week, or a month."

"Well?"

"When I get through with him, we shall know more than we do now."

"What if he won't talk?"

"He'll be made to. A few minutes ago you gave him a Dantean blessing, and I told you that you are under bonds to keep the peace. I'm not."

Macpherson lighted his pipe in mid gallop and smoked upon it. At the end of the reflective interval he said: "I can't let you do it."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you're a sick man, and my friend. I should never forgive myself."

"Nonsense! If anything will serve to keep me alive beyond the doctor's reprieve of six weeks or so, it's a bit of detective work which will keep me from counting the days. So you see the motive is selfish, after all."

"I see that you're the best friend a poor devil ever had."

"Don't flatter yourself. Two hours ago I should have let you wrestle out of it as best you could."

"But now?"

"But now I have seen her; I'm her champion and none of yours, my dear boy. You're only an incident." And then the undreamed-of truth laughed out in a jest. "You can thank your luck stars that I've one foot safely in the grave. Otherwise you might want to kill two men instead of one."

I think the jest was thrown away upon him. When I looked he was staring steadily ahead, and I caught but a phrase of his rejoinder.

"God be merciful to her and show her the light of His countenance!" He was repeating it softly, as one who rides alone.

[To Be Continued.]

TELLTALE COINAGE.

How the Man Identified the King Although Never Having Seen Him Before.

Apart from photographs and engravings, the faces of most rulers are familiarized to us by their images on the current coins of their countries, says the Boston Transcript. Female vanity is supposed to have been the cause of preserving Queen Victoria's girlish image on the coins and postage stamps of England until the last years of her reign, but hers was almost a solitary exception and the designers of coins generally aim at producing pictures of the heads of states on them as they really are. At the commencement of the present season, King Leopold was in Dieppe, and when strolling along the plage there he entered, according to his custom, into conversation with the men working on it. With one of these, whose accent showed him to be a Belgian, he spoke for a considerable time, and when he had left the man turned to his companions and said proudly: "That is my king." "He seems an old friend," said one of the other workman, jestingly. "No," said the other, "I never saw him before." "How do you know who he is, then?" asked the other, who was manifestly in doubt as to the truth of the Belgian's statement; but his doubts were quickly set at rest when the man to whom the king had spoken produced silently from his pocket and held up for his observation a Belgian franc bearing on it King Leopold's counterfeit presentiment.

Ample and Sweet Revenge.

A young Englishman who had been repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed by the St. Malo custom house officials made up his mind to get even with them. The last time he had crossed he had brought a ferret over with him, and a minute or so before landing he transferred the creature to a black bag, which he carried with extreme care and an evident desire not to attract attention. This immediately fetched one of the douaniers, and he swooped down on it with joyful alacrity. Our young Englishman pretended not to understand the official, until the Frenchman made his meaning clear by unmistakable signs. Then he slowly and reluctantly unlocked the bag. The douanier plunged in his hand, and—but my pen (let me put it down to my pen) refuses to adequately describe the dramatic scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that the bare recital of it was balm to my wounded spirit. I only hope it was our friend at the custom house who made the ferret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet. —Continental Chit-Chat.

In Marie Antoinette's Pocket.

A historical relic of much interest has just been discovered among the archives of the department of the Seine. This relic is a list of the articles found in the pockets of the dress that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette wore at her execution. The articles were put to public auction for the benefit of Sanson, the public executioner. The first lot consisted of a small pocketbook in green morocco, containing a pair of pincers, a small corkscrew, a pair of scissors, a comb and a tiny pocket looking glass. The second lot was made up of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame. The two lots fetched a total of 10f. 50c.—Irish Times.

French Proverbs.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

To be happy one must have nothing to forget.

The slave is not she who is sold, but she who gives herself.

A good intention makes but a short ladder.

Happy is he who is not obliged to sacrifice anyone to duty.

For all misfortunes there are two remedies—time and silence.

Indifference is the heart sleeping.

The greatest and strongest, above all the cleverest man is he who knows how to wait.

The sorrow of to-day makes the happiness of to-morrow.—Detroit Free Press.

Do You Attend Your Caucus?

By M. A. HANNA,
United States Senator from Ohio

If you do not make it a point to interest yourself in politics—actively, I mean—to work for the best principles and to support the best candidates, YOU ARE NOT A GOOD CITIZEN.

Your country is a collection of individuals. Its power results from the union of these individuals. Your country gives you tremendous benefits. It protects you in the enjoyment of your life, your liberty and your happiness. It guards your home, your family, holds up high ideals for you and your children.

WHAT RETURN DO YOU MAKE FOR ALL THIS?

Think the matter over.

DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU DO AS MUCH AS YOU SHOULD DO?

The government of your country begins with the neighborhood caucus—the caucus that is held just a few blocks from where you live. It works up from the caucus to the city, county, state and national conventions, from the township board to the United States house of representatives, the senate and the white house.

DO YOU ATTEND YOUR CAUCUS?

DO YOU CARE TO KNOW WHEN OR WHERE IT WILL BE HELD?

WOULD YOU GIVE UP YOUR LEAST IMPORTANT BUSINESS OR SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS TO ATTEND IT?

Let each man answer these questions for himself.

The man who does not discharge this plain duty is not the citizen he should be. Politics would be on a higher plane if all the citizens interested themselves in the caucus.

IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOUR COUNTRY YOU ALWAYS HAVE THE CHANCE IF YOU ARE IN POLITICS. No doubt you would respond to a call to arms. Of course you would, you say. Then why don't you respond to the simplest demand?

If you demonstrate by your words and actions that you are for the best interests of the nation, you are performing a splendid mission. Your associates will follow your lead. If you are a capitalist, prove that you are part of the working class of the country. Because you are. Let what is the fact be understood: that the employes of capital are the partners of capital. Then there will be less talk of socialism and more united patriotic effort.

In the matter of working for the interests of this country there must be no distinction between classes. Each man as a man must do his duty. He must prove that he is worthy of the suffrage by interesting himself in the government of his own community.

And if any man who reads this does not care enough to know the number of the ward in which he lives nor the number of his election precinct he ought to repent and then get busy.

M A Hanna

RACES IN HOLY LAND.

They Were Various, as Also Were the Creeds, During the Crusades.

The inhabitants whom the crusaders found in the holy land were of various races and creeds. The largest element in the population was composed of the Syrians—Christians who spoke Arabic and used the Greek liturgy, but who were nominally subject to the Roman church. They were for the most part agricultural laborers or artisans. Closely connected with the Syrians were the Maronites, who were renowned for their skill as archers, and who formed one of the most useful portions of the Frankish infantry. The Jacobites and Nestorians appear to have been the most civilized of the native Christians. They had excellent schools and were well-versed in the knowledge then common in the orient. The Armenians were especially numerous in the north and were renowned for their bratery. They had welcomed the crusaders, "who," as Matthew of Edessa wrote, "came to break the chain of the Christians, to free from the yoke of the infidels the holy city of Jerusalem and to tear from the hands of the Mussulmans the consecrated tomb which received a God." They joined eagerly in fighting the Mussulmans and were the most important allies of the Franks. The Greeks or Griffons formed a considerable part of the population, especially in the north. Finally there were a few Georgians or Iberians.

Of the non-Christian natives the Arabs and the Turks were the most prominent. The civilization of the former was far superior to that of the Franks. The Turks were not very numerous. They had but recently obtained possession of the land and were for the most part soldiers; they were of little or no importance for cultivating the land of commerce. Besides the orthodox Mohammedans there were Druses, Nosairis or Ansarians, Bathenians or Ismelians and Beduins.

Of Jews and Samaritans, Benjamin of Tudela, who was in the holy land about 1165, enumerated 2,500 or more in the account of his travels, and it is probable that he was speaking only of the heads of families. They were employed mainly in dyeing and glassmaking.

The Europeans in the holy land, says a writer in the International Monthly, were styled collectively Franks, but under this designation were included Frenchmen, Normans, Italians, Lothringians and Provencals, not to mention the other nations which were less numerously represented.

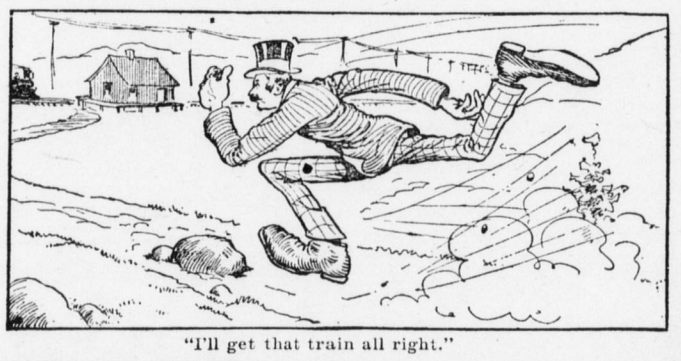
Dark Conditions in Turkey.

Briefly stated, the conditions in Turkey are these: The Mohammedan religion has degenerated into the practicing of dead rites—mere lip service, lacking any meaning to most of its followers. The eastern Christian church, corrupted by centuries of Moslem dominance, has lost its vitality, is down to par with Mohammedanism so far as concerns the teaching, or even the comprehension of the vital principles of living religion; the masses of the Turkish, the Armenian, the Greek and the Jewish elements of the population have actually lost their old and once mighty literatures.—Arthur McIlroy, in National Magazine.

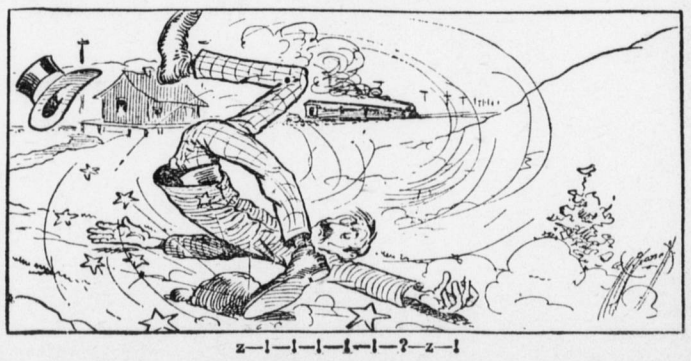
An Early Start.

Dentist—When did your teeth first begin to trouble you, sir?

The Victim—When I was about one year old.—Chicago Daily News.



"I'll get that train all right."



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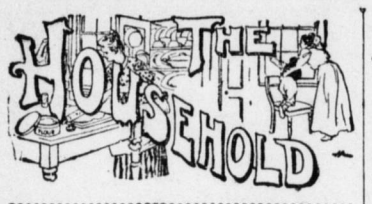


YOUNG WOMAN COBBLER.

She Can Do All Sorts of Jobs, from Stitching a Seam to the Pegging On of a Sole.

Mrs. Nellie Harmer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., would almost as soon peg new soles on a wornout pair of shoes or patch the uppers as play the piano, and she can do both and do it well in either case.

Mrs. Harmer is the only woman cobbler in Michigan. Indeed, she has never heard of another woman who can do the work she does in this or any other part of the country. True, there are a great many girls and women who are employed in the big manufactories to do certain parts of the work in the making of a pair of

WOMAN COBBLER AT WORK.

shoes by machinery. But Mrs. Harmer is just as good a cobbler as her husband, who was taught the trade by his father when he was a boy, and Mr. Harmer takes pride in acknowledging this fact. She can and does do all the work of a skilled cobbler, from the stitching of a ripped seam in a lady's kid shoe to the fitting and pegging of a sole on a cowhide boot. And she is doing it every day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harmer came to Grand Rapids from Canada, their native home, ten years ago, and Mr. Harmer opened a little shop. Being an industrious and competent workman he soon had more business come to him than he could conveniently take care of without some help. He found difficulty in securing the help he wanted, and that's how Mrs. Harmer happened to learn the cobbler's trade.

Mrs. Harmer has worked on a bench beside that of her husband for the last seven years, and has aided materially in building up their business. They now occupy a large store, and not only operate their repair shop and manufactory, but keep a stock of goods on sale.

Mrs. Harmer is a pretty brunette, well educated, and her modest demeanor and sunny disposition leave the impression of a happy childhood and a finely molded character. A part of the store in the rear of the shop is fitted up for living apartments, and their tidy appearance and general homelike aspect reflect the domestic contentedness and tranquillity of the Harmers. Here are an upright piano, a well-fitted bookcase, fine pictures on the wall, and other fixtures of a happy home.

Mrs. Harmer is not yet 30 years of age, and is the mother of three bright children, two boys and a girl. She said she did not "stick to the last" as a necessity for a living. Her husband was plenty able and willing to provide comfortably for the family, but she liked the work and to feel that she was helping to build up the business.

REAL WORKS OF ART.

The Latest Marriage Certificates Are Characterized by Beauty and Originality.

Up-to-date marriage certificates are artistic affairs, written on parchment, showing the best pen and brush work of the illuminator, bound in fine levant covers, and cost anywhere from $15 to $30. The marriage certificate is an important legal document and with its sacramental and sentimental value makes it worthy of the work put into it. More and more of these artistic certificates are being made, and with the parchment foundation they will resist the effects of time.

In general style the certificates do not vary. There are two materials used for them—parchment sheepskin, which is the most durable, and vellum calfskin, upon which alterations can be more easily made in the text, a disadvantage in a legal document of any kind. The covers are of flexible levant, in a churchly red, lined with white watered silk, and the parchment leaves are tied in with heavy white corded silk ribbon, fastened at the two ends of the cover, tied in the center. The leaves are slipped in, and there may be as many as desired.

Upon the first page appears the certificate, fair, clear and unfolded. This is entire, with the signature of the clergymen and witnesses. Other pages which may be added receive the names of the guests present, if they also care to add their names as witnesses.

In some cases the modern certificate is a present from the clergyman to the couple he is marrying, but this is not frequent.—Chicago Journal.

Quicklime Prevents Dampness.

A bowl of quicklime kept in a damp cupboard will dry the air, but it must be renewed occasionally, as it loses its power.

MISS CATHERINE GOGGIN.

Chicago Teacher Who Has Succeeded in Bringing Tax-Dodging Corporations to Time.

One of the most prominent women figures before the Chicago public today is Miss Catherine Goggin, who, with Miss Margaret Haley, has been so deeply instrumental in forcing the recent decision of the Illinois supreme court calling for the taxing of the intangible values of corporate bodies in Illinois.

The fact of this sudden interest on the part of the public is only another proof of the adage that "nothing succeeds like success." A year ago Miss Goggin was one of the targets of abuse and censure in court before the state board of equalization, and on the part of a considerable portion of the public at large. Everywhere she met the innuendo and half-hidden criticism that she was engaged in a work that was not the business of a woman, in the first place, and certainly not the affair of a woman who had come from the pay rolls of the Chicago public schools.

But Miss Goggin, says the Chicago Tribune, was not of a stock that quits under discouragement. She is of Irish parents, but was born in the Adirondacks, near Lake Champlain. Her father was a farmer, having emigrated from the south of Ireland, and being the first member of his family to leave the Emerald isle. Her mother was a native of the west of Ireland, and she, too, was the first of her family to emigrate. While she was still a child Miss Goggin's parents moved to Chicago, and it was in this city that she received her education.

She was graduated from the old Central high school in West Monroe street, and her first term at schoolteaching was begun in October, 1872.

It was in 1898 that Chicago schoolteachers became interested in an increase of salary. By the movement they began the board of education was induced to make a new schedule, which provided that such teachers as had been employed for ten consecutive years in the school should receive at least $1,000 a year. The increase was to be from $75 a month the first year until in the tenth year of service $1,000 should be reached.

Nearly two years after this schedule had been adopted questions were

MISS CATHERINE GOGGIN.

asked why it had not been put into effect. The answer of the board of education was that it had no money. To the further question of why it had no money, a Chicago newspaper undertook a reply, to the effect that millions of dollars of taxable values were secreted every year by corporations and that the state board of equalization looked on approvingly.

At the time Miss Goggin was president of the Chicago Teachers' federation and Miss Margaret Haley was one of the vice presidents. Their interest had been aroused and the federation in January, 1900, chose the two women to make an investigation on behalf of the federation. The two women were granted leave from school and their salaries were to be paid by the teachers in the federation.

The two women had not been at work long before they discovered that the allegations of the newspaper were true. As this proof became apparent, Miss Goggin began to feel some of the uncomfortable possibilities of her position. Comments upon the work were indulged in on all sides, and everywhere she met evasions of issues. Information against capital stock and franchises was arranged and taken before the state board of equalization, to which body Miss Goggin offered to make oath to the showing. The board did not avail itself of the offer; instead, when an attorney found occasion to express the opinion that both women "should be thrown out of the window," the board of equalization found much amusement in the chivalrous utterance. And it was a third-floor window, too.

But instead of becoming a sacrifice, Miss Goggin was one who made application for a writ of mandamus to compel the board of equalization to spread the capital stock and franchise valuations on the tax rolls. On May 1, before Judge Owen B. Thompson, in the circuit court of Sangamon county, this order was issued, and on appeal the Illinois supreme court has sustained the judgment of the lower court in every respect.

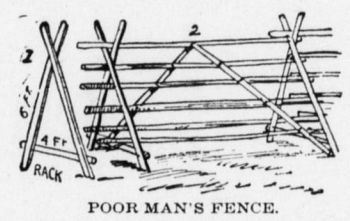
This, in brief, is the story of the public work which Miss Goggin has made of importance to every taxing body in the United States. It has brought her a notoriety which she does not relish, but a satisfaction, at the same time, which is not to be measured. Through it all she has been calm and quiet, forgetful of much of the hard road which she traveled to success in her efforts.

ECONOMICAL FENCING.

How an Ordinary Rail Fence Can Be Made to Last for Years Without Repairs.

A great many farms in Kentucky and in other states have rail fences, which will not turn stock and which give the owners a great deal of trouble in keeping the rails on the fence and the stakes in the ground. In our section we have solved this question by the use of a little wire and some ingenuity. We have made out of our old rail fence a new fence, which will turn any kind of stock and which costs very little cash outlay, compared with other fences. I believe it is the only fence I know of that you begin to build from the top, says a writer in the Ohio Farmer, in preface to the following directions:

Tools.—A pair of wire pincers or pliers, a grubbing hoe, a rack made of 1 by 3 strips 6½ feet tall (Fig. 1.), to



POOR MAN'S FENCE.

hold your top rail, and, lastly, but most important, a bale of No. 12 black wire, as pliable as you can get.

Material.—1. The stakes should be 6½ feet long, made of locust, oak, walnut or any timber that will last. These stakes do not have to be perfectly straight, as this is the great advantage of this fence, to use material that cannot be used anywhere else except in a woodpile. 2. The braces, which are wired to the center of the top rail (Fig. 2), and extend to the ground between the stakes, should be 6½ feet long. Make them from anything from two to three inches in diameter. They need not be put in the ground, as your rails will hold them in place. 3. Rails can be used from the old fence, straight or crooked. When you take a rail to wire it to the braces, if it leaves a hole let it be. You can put a piece in the hole. You will lose too much time to select every rail.

Building.—Set up two stakes and wire together where they cross, then dig holes for them to go into about four feet apart. This is your beginning. Temporarily brace these stakes with a brace or rail, which should be as straight and as sound a one as you can pick up. Now use your rack for holding the end on the ground while you dig the holes and wire the other stakes. Put the rack about two feet from the end of the top rail and then set up your stakes against the top rail. Dig holes for them opposite the rack's feet, put the stakes in, wire together where they cross under the top rail, then put on another rail, lapping about 18 inches, and so on until you have put this way about ten or twelve panels. Then go back and put on your brace, as shown in Fig. 2, to keep the fence from pushing backward and forward lengthwise.

When you have put on all of your braces, begin at the bottom to put on the other rails, tie with wire to the bottom of the braces, lap the rails eight to twelve inches, laying bottom rail until you are at the end of your stakes; then come back, take the next rail, wire to the braces, and so on until your panel is complete. A hundred pounds of wire will build from 70 to 85 panels, according to the size of rail.

TOO CONSERVATIVE.

Disinclination for Change Has Frequently Injured the Best Interests of Our Farmers.

It is but natural that farmers should be the most conservative of all classes of people, from the fact that their lives are the most independent and less restricted by the policy spirit than any other industrial class. The farmer's dealings are largely with Providence direct, with no machine-made rules to control his acts or motives. Thus he should, and does, possess a sounder integrity and more stable moral sense than is found elsewhere. This conservative quality has without doubt been a safeguard to the nation at many critical times in our history, when political intrigues and partisanship were rife. It has also been a handicap to the farmers themselves in some instances. Their disinclination for change has at times blocked the wheels which would have advanced their interests materially, had they been more ready to accept innovations. An instance of the truth of which was shown in the antagonistic attitude toward rural delivery of mail. For a time the opposition was the strongest from many of the farmers themselves. That same movement for extending postal convenience will do much toward making farmers better business men. Quicker to take advantage of circumstances which would promote their interests, or to oppose those that will react against them. Farmers should be the most independent and fearless of citizens, which is their right, and that should not prevent their becoming up-to-date business men.—Agricultural Epitomist.

If potatoes are stored where the sun can shine upon them they should be covered with old sacking, straw or something that will keep the light off them, for green potatoes are not salable.

PROPAGATING GRAPES.

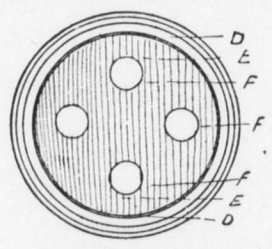
The Success of This Method of Handling Cuttings Repays for the Extra Labor Involved.

With grape cuttings some varieties are more easily propagated than others, and this partly explains the difference in the price of plants. In a favorable season, by procuring the cuttings of certain varieties in the spring, sticking them into well-prepared soil and giving them good care a fair measure of success may be obtained. There are some objections to this method, however. The vines may have been materially injured by the previous winter's cold; or after the cuttings are planted the upper buds may be warmed into life first and attempt to make vines before there are roots to sustain them, and often make a growth of an inch or two from the food stored up in themselves, and then die for want of proper connection with the earth. With me the following method has been quite successful: I use wood of the present season's growth, preparing the cuttings for the fall any time after the sap ceases to flow and before hard freezing weather. I make them six or eight inches long, with not less than two buds on each, and in cutting from the vine cut just below the lower bud, thus leaving the long end of the cutting to mark its position when planted. For convenience I tie them in bundles of 50 or 100, being careful to keep the butt ends even, and place the bundles, with butt ends up, close together in a well-drained pit, dug three or four inches deeper than the length of the cuttings. Cover this with earth until the ground is a little more than level, and as the severe weather approaches throw on straw or other litter to keep them intact from heavy frosts. Early in the spring I remove this litter and give the sun a chance to start the upper buds, the deeper buds remaining dormant awhile longer in the cold earth. As spring advances examine the cuttings occasionally, but do not transplant till the buds are swollen so as to warrant extra handling. Then set out the cuttings in a row four or five inches apart, butt end down, with the upper bud on a level with the surface of the ground, and pack the dirt around each to exclude the air. By this time the ground has warmed up enough to enable the lower buds to continue their growth, and by the time the leaves appear the roots will be ready to carry them nourishment. I have found this method has more than repaid the extra labor involved.—Prairie Farmer.

DRAINAGE FOR BARNS.

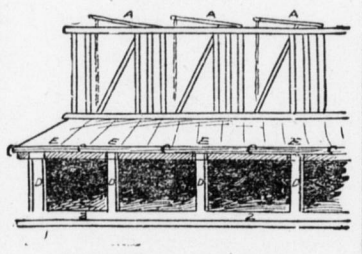
A Simple Method That Will Insure a Building Free from Odors and Clean Animals.

The plans herewith show how a barn may be drained easily by the use of sewer pipe or tile. Stanchions are shown at a a a, the stable door at b b, which can be made of any kind of heavy boards, and slopes slightly toward the



UPPER END OF TILE.

rear. The drop behind the cows is clearly shown at c c c, and four-inch sewer pipes or tile at d d d d directly behind each cow. Hardwood circular blocks fitted into the top of the sewer pipe are shown at e e e e. There are holes (f f f) in these blocks through which the liquid manure passes. A



DRAINING A COW BARN.

drainage pipe at the bottom of the sewer pipes (d) is shown at g g, and connects with a cistern or sink. If this is not available it can act as a drain. The small cut portrays the upper end of the tile. This method of draining a cow barn will insure clean animals and a building free from odors. If the soil is very sandy, the drain pipe (g) is not absolutely essential.—J. H. Hollis, in Farm and Home.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Pure, healthy milk will not sour or taint prematurely unless under the most adverse atmospheric conditions.

In order to preserve milk in hot weather, aeration, ice and cold water are a mockery unless the cows are kept cool and free from irritation.

One frequent cause of a rapid degenerative change in milk in hot weather—a cause that is too often overlooked—is the overheating of cows prior to milking.

To rush cows into the stable from the pasture night or morning is to excite them sufficiently physically to heat their milk to a feverish point, quickly undermining its quality.

When a farmer ceases to consider dairying simply as "doing chores," but to regard it as one of the most important interests he has on his place, then, and then only, is he prepared to make his cows pay.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh—a Congressman's Letter.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 8, 1901.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

Dear Sir—"The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after farther use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured." SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results as the above letter testifies.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic Institution in Ohio comes the following recommend from the Sister Superior:

"Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character.

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold, cough and bronchitis."

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen: —

Congressman David Meekison.

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing."

DAVID MEEKISON.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

A Bit of It Start.

William M. Evarts seldom met his match, but he once found it in Senator David Davis. Mr. Evarts was a mere skeleton of a man, while Mr. Davis, who weighed upwards of 300 pounds, was blessed with a circumference quite as great as his length. The two senators were perpetually twitting each other in fun, and one night at dinner Mr. Davis said: "If you will let me choose the course I will guarantee that with three yards start I can beat you in a race of 100 feet." Every one at the table laughed and said: "Take him up, Mr. Evarts." The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis. This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and 100 feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely. Mr. Evarts could get neither past him nor under him, and he called Mr. Davis back to the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him. —Harper's Weekly.

"Pop, what is a driving rain?" "Why, a driving rain, my boy, I suppose, is a rain that drives you indoors."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Ten complete stories each month by famous authors at less than **one cent** a story. Other magazines in combination with **10 STORY BOOK** at half price.

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Every farmer his own **landlord,** no encumbrances, his bank account increasing year by year, land value increasing, stock increasing, splendid climate, excellent schools and churches, low taxation, high prices for cattle and grain, low railway rates, and every possible comfort. This is the condition of the farmer in Western Canada—Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled there. Reduced rates on all railways for homeseekers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new forty-page **ATLAS of WESTERN CANADA** and all other information sent free to all applicants. F. PEDLEY, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to JOSEPH YOUNG, 514 State St., East, Columbus, Ohio; N. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, O.; Canadian Government Agents.

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Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. *Brent Good*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PENSIONS on age, disability and Widowhood; P. I. or any U. S. Service. LAWS FREE. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Cincinnati, O.; Washington, D. C.

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"EXPERT SHOOTERS, WHO KILL AT NEARLY EVERY SHOT, USE **HAZARD SMOKELESS** or **HAZARD BLACK,** WITH TIGHT FITTING WADS BETWEEN POWDER AND SHOT; LOOSE PAPER FOR WADDING CANNOT PRODUCE GOOD RESULTS."

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve

Cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure, no matter how long standing. By mail, 60c. J. P. ALLEN, St. Paul, Minn.

RHEUMATISM Van Buren's Rheumatic Compound is the only positive cure. Past experience speaks for itself. Depot 83 S. California Ave., Chicago.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, ATLANTA, GA.

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"CALIFORNIA HOMES." Send for list. Wooster, Whitton & Montgomery, 634 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION** 25 CTS.

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New Arrivals

FOR 1901!

Without a doubt the largest, high-class, popular manufactures of Cloths ever brought into Cameron county, at

R. SEGER & COMPANY'S.

We have taken especial care in the selection of our goods and propose giving our hundreds of customers.

HONEST, WELL-MADE CLOTHING AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Every dollar's worth of goods must give the wearer satisfaction. We desire all who intend purchasing a suit of clothes this Fall to file their orders early, that care may be given to every customer, no matter whether you want a $15 or $40 suit.

R. SEGER & CO.

Opposite M. E. Church.

Madam French Female Dean's Pills.

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart.

Sexine Pills

For years this remedy has been the standard nerve restorative. Thousands of happy men owe their newly found strength to its use.

Sexine Pills replace weakness and exhaustion with strength and vigor; the brain becomes clear; the nerves steady and calm; gloomy forebodings are banished and perfect vitality is fully restored.

If you are suffering as above, try a box; you'll be encouraged by its effect to take the full course of six boxes—then if you are not entirely cured, we will refund your money. This satisfactory offer is one of the factors of our success. 6 boxes (with guarantee to cure or money back), $5.00, mailed in plain packages. Book free. PEAL MEDICINE Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by R.C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa. 51

BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

HOLIDAY GOODS

STORE NEWS.

Christmas Shoppers.

Our line of Chinaware is very handsome and the stock so complete that it will be no trouble for you to select a most handsome and useful present if you will only come and look over our large counter. Not only is our China Department up to date with seasonable goods but all others as well. We especially invite your attention to our Doll Department.

We carry the most complete stock of Ladies' Rainy-day Skirts in this county and the prices are considerably small when the quality is compared.

Now you need wraps this cold weather and we are prepared to fit you with the very latest in Coats, Capes and Raglans, and at a less cost than same goods can be purchased elsewhere.

Our store is stocked throughout with the best goods procurable. Our Grocery Department is in the lead by far, when you consider the quality of goods you get. Nothing but the best is our motto and that together with fair dealing has made this store the aknowledged leader in this county.

M. C. TULIS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUTS

CONFECTIONERY

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Daily Delivery.

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository

D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart. Call for free sample.

DR. FENNER'S Blood & Liver REMEDY AND NERVE TONIC.

Purifies the Blood. Builds up the System.

R. C. Dodson, Agent, Emporium, Pa

36-28ly.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advise free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 1620 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale in Emporium, by R. C. Dodson.

ALL SORTS.

Worms take refuge in the small intestine, where they can easily multiply. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will destroy these parasites. The verdict of the people tells plainly how well it has succeeded. Price, 25 cents. L. Taggart.

The annual bill to put Uncle Sam into the telegraph business has been introduced.

Praise the bridge that carries you over either a flood or cough. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP has brought so many over throat and lung troubles, such as coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., that its praises are sung everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart.

What is the use of flying machines as long as clotheslines are around?

J. W. Bryan, of Lowder, Ills., writes: "My little boy was very low with pneumonia. Unknown to the doctor we gave him Foley's Honey and Tar. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered." L. Taggart.

There is a persistent attempt to get up a winter course in Ohio politics.

Disease and danger lurk in the vital organs. The blood becomes vitiated and the general health is undermined when the stomach and liver fail to perform ever the functions as nature intended. HERBINE will tone up the stomach, regulate the liver, where other preparations only relieve. Price, 50 cents. L. Taggart.

With a few more tunnels perhaps New York will get rid of horse cars.

An attractive woman thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. When troubled with a costive habit, she takes a few doses of HERBINE to cleanse her system of all impurities. Price, 50 cents. L Taggart.

It has been decided that the pennant is to be won by playing ball.

Editor Lynch of "Daily Post" Philipsburg, N. J., has tested the merits of Foley's Honey and Tar with this result: "I have used a great many patent remedies in my family for coughs and colds, and I can honestly say your Honey and Tar is the best thing of the kind I have ever used and I cannot say too much in praise of it." L. Taggart.

Benham and Ramsey will only be counted as scattering.

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by L. Taggart.

It looks as if Wall street was getting to be a back number.

For family use in numberless ways BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is a useful and valuable remedy. Price, 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart.

That clothesline episode is a great blow to the tunnel plan.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT has been thoroughly tested for many years, and is a positive cure for this most distressing and embarrassing of troubles. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. L. Taggart.

Business goes right along in spite of Wall street scares.

A cold, cough or la grippe can be "nipped in the bud, with a dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar. Beware of substitutes. L. Taggart.

To Stop A Cold.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time. L. Taggart.

It is to be feared that Lemly will not approve of Dewey.

Satisfied People

Are the best advertisers for Foley's Honey and Tar and all who use it agree that it is a splendid remedy for coughs, colds or sore lungs. L. Taggart.

Chas. Replogle, Atwater, O. was in very bad shape. He says: "I suffered a great deal with my kidneys and was requested to try Foley's Kidney Cure. I did so and in four days I was able to go to work again, now I am entirely well.' L. Taggart.

Dewey isn't afraid to admit that there was another hero.

The Best Cold Cure

is one you can take without interruption to business. One that does not affect the head or hearing like the continued use of quinine. One that cures speedily and leaves you feeling fresh and clear-headed. Such a one is Krause's Cold Cure. Price 20c. Sold by L. Taggart.

The worst of it is that they cannot hit back at Dewey.

C. W. Lynch, Winchester, Ind., writes: "I owe the life of my boy to Foley's Honey and Tar. He had membraneous croup, and the first dose gave him relief. We continued its use and it soon brought him out of danger." L. Taggart.

Colds Melt Away

if you use Krause's Cold Cure. Prepared in convenient capsule form they are easy to take and effect a speedy cure of the most obstinate cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart.

SECOND TO NONE.

Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.

396 to 408 Main St.—American Block,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Best and Largest Assortment of Holiday Goods in Buffalo.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.,

396-408 Main Street,

The American Block.

BUFFALO, N. Y

If You Could Look into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.
2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.
Mention this paper.

Headquarters for SEA FOOD

Every day in the week at

The Novelty Restaurant,

WM. McDONALD, Prop'r.

Families supplied. Choice line of glass and canned novelties. Hot lunches served at all hours.

Good, Kind Santa Claus

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

Santa Claus has a local habitation and a name, so the only way for him to cover the wide realm occupied by his dear children is to have a lively gait when the time comes. He was born in Myra, in Asia Minor. He grew to fame and importance in Myra, and he was buried in Myra, but the whole world pretty much has known him a thousand years, yet not one in a million of his beneficiaries ever saw Myra or even heard of it. St. Nicholas, the original Santa Claus, was a wonderful child. He could do anything. As soon as he could walk he began to travel around and pry into other people's affairs. But this was not idle curiosity.

OLD SANTA ON THE ROAD.

He wanted to find out who deserved happiness and lacked the means of happiness. He found an old man in his native town of Patara who had three deserving daughters, but had no portion to give them in marriage, so, according to the customs of the country, they would have to remain single, a most horrible fate. He got together a purse of gold and put it in the way of the distressed father, who knew just what to do with it without being told. He gave it to his eldest daughter for her marriage portion. She was wed and the household made happy.

But the good old man of Patara had three daughters, so St. Nicholas happened around in the nick of time to help the other two take husbands. These acts of kindness and liberality afflicted the saint with enlargement of the heart, and he kept on slicing it off for the good of the people of Myra. He became the friend and patron of all who were in trouble, and sailors would not venture to sea on a difficult voyage until St. Nicholas sent his blessing. At last he died and was buried in Myra. But even his bones could work miracles, so the people of Bari, a seaport town in Italy, took a notion to bring the sacred dust to their own shores. They sailed forth as pirates, raided the cathedral of Myra one dark night, stole the remains and all the sacred vestments and bore them to Italy. There they have remained.

But St. Nicholas dead is like St. Nicholas alive, always looking for trouble—the trouble of others which he can relieve. He goes about the earth in various disguises and under various names making up to worthy people what they lack to be happy. Children are his first care in these days because for centuries the children of Bari have honored his tomb and his birthday. This is the 6th of December.

In some German countries St. Nicholas is known as Joseph and Klas. In Austria he is a terror to the nursery and is called Krampus. Again in Suabia, lower Austria and in parts of Russia and Italy the patron of children of annual gifts is a female bogy variously known as Budelfrau, Berchtel, Baboushka and Befana.

The Germans call the saint Christ Kindlein (Kriss Kringle) and Pelznickel. This last is because he is supposed to be dressed in pelz, or fur. Knecht Ruprecht is another German name, and the Dutch of Holland call him Knecht Clobes. The popular German name, however, is Nicklaus, and his festival is Dec. 6, the birthday of the original St. Nicholas.

FRANK TOWNLEY.

Santa Claus In a Fix.

Santa Claus—Don't be alarmed, miss. I'm Santa Claus and have come in to fill the stockings. I have a ring here for you for—

Miss Ancient—Oh, Santa Claus, this is so sudden!

If your would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price, 25 cents. Samples free, at L. Taggart's drug store.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the *best* for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and $1.00.

L. Taggart, Emporium, Pa. 36 28.

HUMPHREYS' Witch Hazel Oil

THE PILE OINTMENT.

One Application Gives Relief.

It cures Piles or Hemorrhoids—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning, Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It cures Burns and Scalds. The relief instant.

It cures Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. Invaluable.

It cures Salt Rheum, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns, Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of insects, Mosquito Bites and Sunburns.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00

Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO.,
Cor. William & John Sts., NEW YORK.

F. C. Corsets make AMERICAN BEAUTIES

We have them in all styles and shapes to fit every figure, and every corset is sold under this most liberal Warrant—"Money refunded after four months' trial if corset is not satisfactory."

Look for this Trade Mark on inside of corset and on box,

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.
Sole Makers
Kalamazoo, Mich.

FOR SALE BY
39 H. A. ZARPS & CO.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

R. C. Dodson, Emporium

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS

Has led all WORM Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Prepared by RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

For sale L. by Taggart ly.

Safe Sure Immediate

Red Cross

For Woman's Relief.

Tansy Pills

$1.00 per box

Mailed to any Address in Plain Packages.

Vin De Cinchona Co. 612 Locust St. DesMoines, Ia.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THE RED CROSS BOOKLET. (MAILED FREE.)

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT AS WE SAY

L. Taggart.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

ONE NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BECAUSE SHE KEPT IT, ONE WOMAN'S LIFE WAS MADE MISERABLE.

"I'LL never make another New Year's resolve as long as I live," sighed the hostess.

"H'm! Suppose you failed to keep yours;" replied the guest.

"Pshaw; if you had, you'd have been wearing wings instead of furs and a halo rather than a picture hat."

"I kept mine, but it gave me a lot of trouble. You see, it was the first New Year's since my marriage, and I felt it necessary to turn over a very white new leaf, so I resolved—"

"Never to tell another fib? Then I hope Anne did not ask you if her new gown was becoming."

"I did not—neither did she. If she had, I would have at least told her that it was more becoming than the last one. I resolved to give up society and devote my time to charity. It is really so difficult to induce Arthur to go anywhere that I—"

"Might as well have the credit of giving it up voluntarily. Still, if you cried each time that he refused, he would bring you candy and flowers, and—"

"And spend so much money on them that I'd have to give up a hat or two, besides having my complexion spoiled by the candy."

"Not to mention the doctor's bill, if it made you ill. See?"

"Nor the fact that I'd have to take the medicine! No, I resolved to devote myself

"I SENT A BOY FOR A CAB."

to good deeds—I always did like giving advice."

"Was Arthur delighted?"

"I suppose so. He was reading his paper when I told him. It is queer, but that absorbs him as much as curling my hair absorbs me."

"Men are so queer. Did you really keep your resolve?"

"M'hm; I gave a silk waist that came from Paris to a woman with three starving children and even showed her how to make it fit her. Then I went to see a blind woman who lived in an alley, and took her a bunch of roses and a lovely embroidered doiley. And there was Elaine, who never did a thing for anybody; I told her she ought to be ashamed, when I was devoting myself to the poor."

"And was she?"

"No. She remarked that I was wearing a new fur boa, and that I was evidently not depriving myself of imported hats. I told her that I had to set the poor a good example in neatness."

"True. But—"

"Yes. It was raining when I came away from the blind woman's, and I sent her grandson for a cab. He never returned, and I found that my watch was gone, too. When I told Arthur, he—"

"Yes, go on!"

"He said that charity not only covered a multitude of sins, but a good many dollars as well. Well, I caught a cold that day and was sick for a week. The cook promptly left, and in boiling two eggs and making some undrinkable coffee Arthur burned his hand, scorched his coat sleeve and broke two cups. He blamed that all on charity."

"Of course."

"M'hm. Then, we had to buy a good many tickets for charitable entertainments, and all my poor people got out of work and said they'd rather have money than advice, so Arthur—"

"Complained? How like—"

"Yes. Finally Mrs. Swellstyle decided to give a colonial bazar, and asked me to help. The costumes were to be rather expensive, but the proceeds were to do great good in buying photographic copies of good pictures on which the starving poor could feed their hunger for beauty. I consented to help, but—"

"Arthur?"

"He said that if I continued my charitable deeds we would soon be objects of charity ourselves. He hasn't refused to go anywhere with me since, but if you will believe it, Elaine, is telling everybody that my good resolve was only a scheme to bring about that result!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

THE TURNING OF A LEAF.

MR. SIMPLETON TURNED IT, BUT DIDN'T KEEP IT TURNED.

"I NOTICE that to-day is the first of January," remarked Mr. Wimpleton, as he unfolded the breakfast napkin. "The day has set me to thinking that I had better revive my boyhood's habit and make the resolve to turn over a new leaf. In the past, I—"

"Now, you are not going to resolve to help the poor by giving away all your second-best clothes, are you?" said his wife, apprehensively. "You did that once, I remember, and had to shovel the snow off the front pavement in your best suit."

"I have done nothing of the kind," hastily replied her liege. "The fact is that I have not been as kind a husband in the past as I might have been, and—"

"Oh, I guess you've been as good as the average," responded his wife, calmly.

"No, I have not, my dear, that is merely your gentle, wifely way of putting it. I know that I have often displayed great temper when the provocation was slight, but in future you shall have no cause for complaint."

"Well, of course, you were very unpleasant about those bills, Nathaniel. I thought at the time that you never behaved in that way before we were married, and—"

"Displayed some temper, did I? No wonder. An angel on a tombstone would have displayed temper over such extravagance as that. Did you expect me to remain as quiet as a—as a gingerbread baby while I was robbed by a lot of—However, in future I shall do it, since you are so anxious."

"You are sure that you are not ill, are you, dear? The doctor said—"

"Never better in my life. I have merely seen the error of my ways and resolved to mend them in time. When I think of the terrible fits of anger to which I have sometimes given way, I—"

"Well, I was afraid that the last cook would make trouble because of the things you said to her about the biscuits, still—"

"The things I said, eh? Let me tell you, Sarah Wimpleton, that many a man would have deserted his wife for less than that. If I did make a few slight remarks I was fully justified, I can tell you. However, it shall never happen again."

"I am glad to hear it, dear. Now that I think of it, I feel very badly over your quarrel with the people next door, and your feud with the iceman, and the things you said about the cigars I bought you at Christmas were—but what is the matter?"

"The matter is this, madam; I shall not remain here to be insulted. I am the most patient and long-suffering of men, but even I will not stand this. I shall be at home late this evening, if you send me a note of apology in the interval for this unprovoked attack upon me!" The banging of the front door put an impressive period to the sentence.

"And all," said Mrs. Wimpleton, shaking her head at the clock, "all because he had decided to turn over a new leaf on New Year's day!"

Greeting to the New Year.

Hail, glad New Year! We do not ask
Our woes you should disperse.
We merely urge this simple task—
Pray do not make them worse.
—Chicago Record.

The Simple Fact.

Stuyvesant—Going to turn over a new leaf, New Year's day, old man?

Schermerhorn—No, going to turn over the same old leaf.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOME NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

THE PAST IS MERELY THE EXPRESSION OF THE LIVING PRESENT.

COMMEMORATION of the beginning of the year is sentimental, purely, since the first day of January makes no special epoch in history, nor is it the anniversary of the birth or death of any hero. It is not set apart for the performance of any specific duties, nor the teaching of any particular lesson; yet New Year is observed, quietly it is true, and without any ceremonial, in all parts of the United States.

In looking for the beginning of this practice, one must go into the prehistoric past, for New Year is the most ancient of all the days which men have set apart for special distinction. In the former days, though, it began with the advent of spring, when the buds and leaves began to open and the voices of the song birds were heard again. The Latins, from whom came the months now used, celebrated their New Year as the nations older than they had done, in March. This explains why December, meaning "tenth" month, should be twelfth in our calendar.

The day, then, neither a festival nor a fast; not one to keep alive the fires of patriotism, as the Fourth of July, or to bear in remembrance, as Christmas, the sublime life of a Christ, is, nevertheless, universally observed, because at one time it did stand for a most beautiful sentiment—the revivifying of nature. It harbingered the banishment of cold and of the sterile winter; it gave assurance of a harvest for man, who could see in the bursting of the seeds autumn days of fullness.

Thus was it with the Chaldean, oldest of the civilized peoples, whence came Abraham, the founder of the Jewish nation. They were as puzzled as moderns are over the mystery of death, and that greater mystery, life. Of the generative principle they made a god and worshiped it. The presence of their god was felt, seen, as they taught, in the new garb put on by the trees, in the tiny spears of green grass which peeped through the sere blades of the previous year, and in the many-colored little flowers that nestled confidingly beside the grass-blades.

They knew their god lived and was pleased with his people. They broke forth into rejoicing which lasted many days. There was worship in the temples and the groves, and infinite gladness everywhere. Through century after century this religious and festival observance was had, and the remains of it are seen to-day in the chief holy day of the great Catholic church during the vernal season, although now held in commemoration of a grander and more glorious event.

The New Year observance, then, is the survival of a day beyond the period of its effective use. Once a sublime object lesson, it remains solely as a record of the beginning of a new year, arbitrarily fixed by man. Its position is a peculiar one. It is neither the beginning of any one of the four seasons, nor the end of any one of them. It is not the commencement, necessarily, of a week, even. It does but assert for man that by his choice of computation a New Year has begun.

Yet, as to the ancient, so to the modern, New Year teaches, after all, the same lesson. It tells that the old year is dead, and the New Year is born. It declares the mortality of all things, and it proves that the mortal shall put on immortality. It teaches the higher lesson that out of death comes life; that the dying year does but make way for the living year, and that the chasm is invisible between the dying and the dead. A single tick, just one tick of the clock, and in the minute interval the Old Year was and the New Year is, and from this lesson one may learn that the sum of all the lives that have been is but the expression of the lives that are, just as the result of all the years that have been is found in the New Year just begun.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE.

"Mamie," asked Mrs. Benham, "why do so many men reform and give up their bad habits at New Year's?"

"Because," interrupted Mr. Benham, "they can't help themselves. They're 'broke' after Christmas.

His Roar.

McGorry (carpingly)—Thim makers av almanacs hov got us be dhe t'roats, bedad!

Mrs. McGorry—How d'yez make thot out?

McGorry—Make ut out? Here, now: We hov cowld weather New Year's, phwin we don't nade ut; an' do dhey give us aven a brith av frost on dhe Fourt' av July, phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe heat? Not so's yez cud notice ut, bedad!—Judge.

Not a Procrastinator.

"I shall not wait till New Year's to turn over a new leaf," said young Hoopler. "My grandmother sent me a Bible for a Christmas present, and I shrewdly suspect that the dear old lady has hidden a few banknotes in it."—Judge.

Go Slow.

Make new resolves mildly, or else, I protest,
When the time comes to keep them you'll
run short of zest.
—Chicago Record.

Rather Discouraging.

Maude—Did Daisy Freshlight give young Slowboy any encouragement at the New Year's ball?

Clara—No, I think not. She asked him to marry her, that's all.—Chicago Daily News.

Should Be Perfectly Happy.

"I don't see why Long Jim Jones shouldn't be happy this New Year's day," said the Georgia native. "He's got six fiddles, ten children, an' a moonshine 'still' that ain't never been spotted by the government."—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

THE DYING YEAR.

Now the year is sinking slowly,
Sinking to its last long sleep,
And the passing hours seem holy,
While we turn aside and weep.

Like a friend about to leave us,
Very precious still it seems;
All too honest to deceive us,
Though made up of transient dreams.

Yet those dreams are interwoven
With the fabric of our souls,
And in passing they have proven
Life is real as it unrolls.

O the year of tears and laughter,
Shade and sunshine, calm and storm,
Passing on, while we come after
Vainly searching for its form.

Still that form, so feeble, lingers
Like a pilgrim by the sea,
And it points with trembling fingers
Toward the unsolved mystery.

O how lovely in its dying
Is the year so gray and old,
While the wintry winds are sighing
O'er a new grave in the mold.

By that grave with open portal,
Thoughtfully we stand and wait
Till the old year, like a mortal,
Sinks beneath the walls of fate.

From that grave we come rejoicing
At the breaking of the morn;
In these words our gladness voicing:
"Lo! another year is born!"
—G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNEXPECTED

By MARY A. SAWYER.

Dear me!"

Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

"Dear me!" she said, again. "It is so vexatious, when I told him this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I did want to get this dress of Gracie's done before dark."

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work basket.

"If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So," glancing at the clock, "I must get it under way at once. William is always punctual when he is bringing home any thing he especially likes for his supper."

She reproached herself for this remark almost instantly. "Of course he likes a variety; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our need? He grudges me nothing—why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?"

Her annoyance was but temporary, therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him cheerfully:

"Bring your partridges down here, William. I'm all ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly."

Receiving no reply she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her. His voice was cold.

"Why are you down here?" he said, in a displeased tone.

"I wanted to be all ready for your partridges. Where are they?"

"My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about partridges?"

"Not two hours ago. You called me up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came down to have everything in readiness. They can't be cooked in a moment."

"You will not be troubled by them tonight. I said nothing about partridges."

"You certainly did."

"You are mistaken."

"I heard you distinctly. You said—"

"I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering around down here."

"You must explain my mistake to him. He is a sensible man. He will understand why I was not there to receive him."

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. "Partridges! Partridges! I can't think how you could confound the two!" he said.

"I thought I understood you, but never mind now. You must go back upstairs at once. Send the children down in a few moments, please. I'm afraid they are not quite tidy."

"Tidy!" in a voice which brought a swift color into his wife's cheeks—"tidy! Well," moving toward the door, "I'll send them down and you must get off that calico dress."

"I'll change it before I see him. Go up and stay with him, do! I must alter the table and get up a different meal altogether."

"It seems as if a man never could bring home his friends and find things as they ought to be," muttered Mr. Hamilton, leaving the room in evident ill-temper.

At the close of the evening, after the departure of the guest, it became plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his displeasure had not been materially lessened by the appetizing supper she had prepared, nor by the pains she had taken with her own personal appearance. He stopped suddenly before her, after pacing up and down the room.

"When I bring home a man like Partridge, a man of brains and education, it is strange you can't appear as if you knew what he was talking about! If you don't know anything about history, for pity's sake, need you say so? I'd read until I did know something if I were in your place!"

The tone, the words seemed brutal to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled herself by a great effort.

"I would like to read. I would like to be a thoroughly well-read woman. But with the house and the children and the sewing and the cooking, I really cannot get the time."

"Fudge! Nonsense! Where there is a will, there is a way."

"Not always."

Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless pacing of the room. "I'd find time to know something about my own country, I guess!" he declared.

Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly. There was still an hour's work to be done downstairs, she said.

"Fudge! Nonsense!" retorted her husband.

A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton came home to his supper at the usual hour. He opened the door with his latchkey and found himself in an unlighted hall.

"Clara!" he called.

"Yes. What is it?"

"The gas isn't lighted, and the hall is as dark as a pocket!"

No response came from the sewing-room at the end of the hall, from which a faint stream of light issued. Stumbling toward it Mr. Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he pushed the door open. In the one large easy chair sat his wife. Upon the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book, and upon its pages her eyes were fixed. She did not look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful dining-room, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclamation of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the room. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife.

"Clara! What has happened down here? Has the range given out? Where is supper?"

No reply came. He hurried upstairs, breathing heavily.

"Clara, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and read with absorbed attention.

"Clara!" shouted her husband from the doorway.

She looked at him for a moment.

"Not so loud, please!" she said, returning to her book.

"What's the matter? Clara, I say, what has happened to the range?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned another page.

A sudden fear seized upon her husband. Insanity! She had lost her senses!

He stole softly across the carpet and grasped the book she held.

"Don't!" she said. "Pray go away. You are interrupting me."

"Clara! Are you sick, or are you crazy?"

"Sick? No. Go away, do. I am so interested."

Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton discarded his momentary theory of insanity. His voice became more imperative.

"It is supper time! Where are the children? Where is the supper? Clara," loudly, "where is the supper?"

Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her book and looked at him.

"The supper? You said the supper?"

"I did!"

"Well," yawning, "I suppose it is getting late, but I must finish this book. I don't care about food, but I do want to know who succeeded to the throne after—"

"The throne be hanged!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton. "Where are the children?"

"The children? Let me see. Oh, I remember! You'll find them at your sister's. I—"

"At Helen's? Why in time did you send them there?"

Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading. "Four days for housekeeping, two for my reading," she said, quietly.

Mr. Hamilton stared at her for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I see! I understand!" he said.

He left the room still laughing. He whistled as he went down to the kitchen.

In a few moments his wife joined him.

"I'll see to things down here, while you go for the children," she said; "but, William, before you go, tell me this: Is it possible for a woman to keep up her education while she is doing housework, mending, sewing, receiving callers and making calls, etc.?"

"I was a brute that night, Clara. You know more than most women do."

"No," sadly, "I have not kept up as I should. But I mean to, William. The children must wear plainer clothing, and so must their mother, for their mother must not be an ignoramus."

"And their father must not require such a vast amount of cooking as he has in the past. He must be content with simpler meals."

"The cooking is more important than the frills, the latest sleeves, etc. The time for reading must be taken from the unimportant matters."

Mr. Hamilton thought with a keen regret of the work he had so often thoughtlessly made for the patient woman who stood beside him. He stooped and kissed her with a tenderness that brought quick tears to her eyes.

"Two heads are better than one. We'll talk it over by and by. In the meantime, help me to begin the New Year well by giving me bread and milk to-night. The children will like it, and so will their father."

Mr. Hamilton went after the children presently. As he passed a church he saw a multitude of people entering it.

"The Old Year out—the New Year in!" he thought.

He walked on with new purposes forming in his mind. The New Year should be different from the Old—there should be more time found for the enjoyment of life. Things should be made easier for his wife; they would make life higher and holier. It should be a New Year—a year of love to God and love to man.

He spoke of these thoughts, that were stirring him so strangely, that evening. He was alone with his wife. She listened with sympathetic interest. She said little, but her few words satisfied and cheered him.

He arose and stood by the window when the clocks rang out the year. Soon the worshipers in the churches filled the streets. Something of the solemnity of the hour passed from them to him. He looked up into the deep mysterious realm of starry space, and a strange new sense of companionship came to him. He found himself repeating words long half-forgotten: "If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee. The Lord is thy keeper."

Presently the sound of footsteps in the street died away. All was still again.

"The Old Year out! The New Year in!" he said. "Thank God for the desire to make it a better year!"

His heart was full as he turned away from the window.

The vision of the past grieved him sorely, but again he was comforted. "The Lord is thy keeper. He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Zion's Herald.

HANDSEL MONDAY.

"Gift" Day Is Universally Celebrated by Peasantry of Great Britain.

The first Monday of the New Year is universally celebrated by the peasantry and trade people of Scotland, of parts of Ireland and of the north of England, as Handsel, or "gift," Monday, says the New York Tribune. On this day tips or small gifts were expected by servants, as well as by the postman, the deliverers of the newspaper, the scavenger and all persons who waited upon the house. The word "handsel" is an old Saxon word which means "to deliver into the hand." It refers to the first sale of the New Year or of the day, as well as to the first gift of the New Year. In some parts of Ireland and Scotland there is considerable merry contention in putting off all payments, however trivial, that come on this day until the next, it being considered unlucky to pay out money on this day. On the other hand, there is special demand for such money, as money received on Handsel Monday is supposed to insure a full purse all the rest of the year.

After a somewhat riotous period of spending money Handsel Monday called for a sudden stop in all expenditures, and probably was a prudent check upon what had often become by this time reckless extravagance. A vast number of people in this land of plenty buy a great many things which are of no practical use to them, and spend money otherwise in foolish ways. The people who do this are not those with plethoric pocketbooks, but those who can least afford to be wasteful. New Year's day is usually a day for good resolutions, and there is no resolution more common than one which calls for a general retrenchment of expenditures.

As a people, we are generous to a fault, and a vast amount of unhappiness in the household as well as actual crime can be traced to imprudence in money matters. It is a wise thing to have a day which calls attention to the number of things which we can easily do without, if for any special reason we are desirous to avoid spending all money. There is little danger that it will make niggards. Comfort and happiness depend as much upon prudence in giving and spending when we cannot afford to spend as they do upon being properly open-hearted and generous.

Custom Largely Due to Dutch.

The custom of celebrating New Year's day in our country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the governor's home, at New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for "A Happy New Year," was observed, and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed country in all Christendom, and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus, and who made no note of their first New Year's day in the new world, save to record: "We went to work betimes."

The Jewish New Year.

New Year's day was not regarded as a Christian festival until the year 487, and there is little mention of it until 1550, when it was included in the liturgy. Most countries celebrate New Year's day on January 1, but the Hebrews celebrate theirs in September, for they arrange their calendar according to the new moon, and as their months are either 29 or 30 days long, New Year's with them is a movable holiday.

Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county.
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CHRISTMAS FEATURES

Interesting Facts About the Mystic Mistletoe Bough the Yule Log, the Giving of Presents, the Carols and the Custom of Decorating the Home at Yuletide . . . . . .

Christmas was first kept as a holy day in A. D. 98, but for three centuries it was the most movable of festivals. The date, Dec. 25, was selected in the fourth century by a commission of theologians.

This is the height of the rainy season in Judae, which makes it improbable that shepherds would be watching their flocks by night and that the stars would be visible. October is the month agreed upon by many investigators.

The Decorations.

The custom of decorating dwellings and churches with evergreens is a relic of paganism.

It was transmitted to the English races of today directly from the Druids of ancient Britain, who believed that if a house were mantled in holly, laurel or bay the good sylvan spirits that loved those growths and kept them green by protecting them from winter frosts would also protect the dwelling from harm.

As a Festival.

In its aspect as a religious celebration Christmas entered into rivalry with the pagan festivals of the winter solstice in Rome.

Of these the most popular and the most scandalous were the Saturnalia. Making allowance for the mercurial Latin temperament, the fathers of the church deemed it wise to give Christians an opportunity to make merry no less than their heathen neighbors and established the celebration.

The Gifts.

Why should people make presents at Christmas? 'Tis a gracious custom, subject to abuses, but what was its origin? Unlearned piety, to investigate the matter, studies the New Testament and reaches the conclusion that the exchange of gifts symbolizes the homage paid to the infant Jesus by the kings and wise men of the east.

But historians say that the early Christians exchanged gifts because their pagan neighbors did.

The Yule Log.

There is nothing Christian in the Yule log, which has almost become obsolete in these days of steam heat and "gas logs." It belonged to the Saxon feast of Jul (pronounced Yule).

The custom passed into Christian observance when the god Jul was forgotten and the barons made their hearths big enough to accommodate the Yule log. Lighted on Christmas eve it was a sign of good luck if it continued to burn after dawn of Christmas day.

The Mistletoe Bough.

To the mistletoe bough our heathen ancestors attached the greatest importance. The forest yielded no more sacred emblem. The very oaks on which it grew were hallowed.

No significance belonged to mistletoe from any other tree than the oak—and it may be found on the fir, the lime and even the apple tree. The graceful parasitic creeper with its pale berries symbolized the choicest blessings of the gods and was a defense against evil.

The Carols.

Christmas carols were another invention of the early church to offset the joyous license of paganism. Song was an expression of rejoicing among the Romans.

Hence the making of pious canticles, simple in form, so that they might be sung by learned and ignorant. Such is the origin of the custom, which still lingers in certain parts of England, of "waits" going from house to house on Christmas eve and singing carols.—New York World.

Christmas In the Orient.

It is a strange but significant fact that the natives of India—Hindoos and Mohammedans—call Christmas the great day of the year, "Burra-din" (literally "great day"), thus unwittingly bearing testimony of the influence of the Babe of Bethlehem, the world's Redeemer. No one knows the origin of this Hindustani phrase. The Hindoos have a great many festivals and celebrate the birthdays of several of their gods and goddesses, especially those who were the most famous, but no one of these days is called "the great day." Of course this expressive phrase in India is a constant argument in favor of Christianity. Christmas is indeed a great day in India. People begin preparing for it three months beforehand. Merchants send to London or Paris for dolls, toys, sweetmeats, Christmas cards and a great many other things. Native shopkeepers lay in a large supply of raisins, almonds and all sorts of material for cake and pastry; butter and eggs grow dearer and dearer. The courts adjourn and European banks are closed for the holidays; visits among friends (there are very few foreigners in India who have relatives there) are planned, and great preparations are made for the festive season.

The native people, of course, do not celebrate Christmas. They know that Christians do, however, and this simple fact, so constantly observed, causes them to think about the power of Christianity. Many are led to ask: "Who was Christ? What did he do? Why do the Christians observe his birthday?" These inquiries call forth various answers; discussion follows, and thus the whole nation, with its many millions of people, is thinking and talking about the world's Saviour.

The Dinner Table.

The Christmas dinner table should be appropriately and prettily decorated with evergreens, holly, a bunch of mistletoe hanging below the chandelier and sprays of wintergreen everywhere they can be tucked. Roses and chrysanthemums seem to be the favorite flowers. Wherever ribbons are used let them be of a rich, bright red, for that is a warm and glowing color, and especially fashionable this season. Branches of holly placed tastefully among the draperies of an apartment add much to its cheerful feast day appearance.

PRINCE GINJAN.

A Christmas Fairy Story For *the* Children.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

Copyright, 1900, by Jane Ellis Joy.

THE eldest of the royal children, Prince Ginjan, was a very important young person. His parents lavished on him all the good things that love could suggest and money procure, while the nobles of the kingdom and the great ladies added gifts until it required several rooms of the palace and a village of outbuildings to hold the prince's possessions.

In spite of all this devotion, however, and with the knowledge that a kingdom full of people were eager to do him homage, Prince Ginjan was discontented. It is said that his unhappiness began with the study of the multiplication table. No sooner had he learned that two times two are four than he wished for four toy watches instead of two, and likewise that his three dappled ponies should be multiplied by two.

AH, THAT MULTIPLICATION TABLE!

The same thoughts came to him when he studied the line of threes and the fours.

When it came to the study of the eights and the nines, the trouble grew worse, for now he wanted all his treasures multiplied by eight and nine.

His father, the king, reasoned with him about the extravagance of his wants, and the queen, his royal mother, was sorry that it was impossible to indulge him, but it remained for his grandmother—partial old lady that she was—to say, "It is all the fault of the multiplication table!"

Ah, that multiplication table! It has occasioned a good deal of trouble to many people, though perhaps never before or since has it been charged with an offense so serious.

One day when Prince Ginjan was a well grown youth a strange thing happened to him. According to the ancient tradition, the prince was industriously applying the principles of multiplication in computing the number of presents he hoped to receive on Christmas, which was close at hand. For some cause or other interest in the fascinating tables flagged a little. Perhaps the prince saw how preposterous it would be for one boy to have 9 times 9 saddle horses or 12 times 12 sailboats. Anyhow he fell asleep in his study chair with his book and slate before him.

He might have slept for an hour or two when he was awakened by a touch on the shoulder, and, opening his eyes, he saw an odd looking little hunchback the like of whom he had never beheld before.

"What do you want?" he asked, not altogether liking the familiarity.

"What do you want yourself?" returned the intruder in a funny little squeaking voice.

Fully awake, Prince Ginjan now rubbed his eyes and stared. All at once it occurred to him that the little hunchback was an elf and that the present might be a good chance to gratify some of his desires.

"What do I want?" he repeated in a more conciliatory tone. "Well, since you are good enough to ask, I want considerable. To begin, I would like 10 chariots and 24 thoroughbred horses. Give me 6 lakes of my own in which to catch fish and about 150 new suits of clothes. You might let me have a couple of thousand new books, and a few hundred of the latest toys and games and 36 gold chains to wear around my neck.

Instantly the request was granted.

"Anything more?" inquired the elf in a matter of fact way.

"Oh, yes. As I said, I'm only beginning," answered the prince quickly. "I want some spending money. Just let me have a couple of million dollars, please." (The amount is expressed in dollars for the enlightenment of American readers.)

"Is that enough?" asked the elf.

"Well, now that I think about it, perhaps I had better have a little more," corrected the prince. "Suppose you multiply the sum by two. You know the multiplication table?"

"Quite well," said the elf, calling off the sum. "Four million dollars."

"It might be a good idea to multiply again—this time by three," suggested Prince Ginjan. "I'll soon be a young man, and I don't want to run short."

"No. That would be inconvenient," agreed the elf. "Twelve million dollars. Are you sure you won't need any more?"

"Twelve billions would be better," smiled the prince.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT YOURSELF?"

"Twelve billions it shall be," said the elf.

"What do you say to making it a trillion?"

"All right; a trillion."

"Wait! Hold on!" put in the prince breathlessly. "Since it seems all the same to you, just multiply by 1,000! Money is a good thing to have. Call it a round quadrillion at once, and I'll never ask you for another dollar."

"Very well," said the elf. "You will want storehouses for your money."

"Yes; of course," said the prince, "and that reminds me that I want a lot of other things. I would like two summer palaces all to myself and two winter palaces. I want two or three big department stores and several miles—square miles—of forest in which to hunt. Let me have 10 parks ornamented with flowers and 14 castles."

The elf nodded. "Well, anything more?" he asked.

"Yes," said the prince, reflecting. "I would like to own 8 big ships and 16 little yachts. By the way, those lakes you gave me will do only for small craft. I must have a couple of oceans to sail my ships on, and you might throw in a couple of rivers. Mind, I want these things all to myself."

"A pretty good order," said the elf. "But you shall have everything that you have asked for, oceans and all."

Now, since the objects enumerated by Prince Ginjan required space, territory, it will be obvious that when the goods were delivered, so to speak, the prince awoke to the fact that he was all alone in a world of his own.

Everything in the prince's world was arranged most conveniently. His castles and palaces, all beautifully furnished, were stocked with imperishable provisions. He had but to ring a little silver bell, and the table would be set for him with a sumptuous feast; another bell, and the meal was cleared away. His ses groomed themselves. His ships were managed by an easy apparatus that wound like a clock. He needed no crew, no servants, no anything, being undisputed master of the whole world—a sovereign, in fact, with no one to disagree with him or say nay to any of his propositions.

For awhile Prince Ginjan fancied that he enjoyed his vast possessions, but gradually life grew a little monotonous even with a new pleasure for every day in the year. If he had only some one to share his enjoyments, some one to listen while he talked of his sea voyages, some one to look over his parks and through his castles, some one even to say, "Ginjan, won't you lend me a couple of dollars?"

The prince, however, had desired that he might have his possessions all to himself, and this stipulation was rigidly carried out by the elf.

"I wonder if I didn't make a great mistake," thought Prince Ginjan. "That forest is big enough for a hundred people to hunt in. How the pretty things in my stores would please Sister Melina! I wish mother was here, so that I might give her a diamond necklace, and grandmother would be pleased with a set of nice warm furs."

Since he owned the whole world the prince had no use for his money. At times the sight of the huge piles of coined gold and silver affected him like a grim joke. To amuse himself now and then he pretended that he did not own everything and would go through a little imaginary form of buying from an imaginary owner. Anything to get rid of some of his money.

But these little weak make believes soon tired him, and he wished more than ever for a real way to unburden himself.

THE PRINCE HAD NO USE FOR HIS MONEY.

But there was no one to accept a castle or a lake or $100,000.

"Ah," the prince would often sigh, "it is not such a fine thing to own a world — and nothing else. My world separates me from the people I like. I wish I was back in my father's little kingdom. How Brother Felix and I used to enjoy fishing in the brook behind the gardener's house! I was far happier then before I met that miserable little elf that tricked me by giving me all I asked for."

One day Prince Ginjan was more lonely and miserable than usual. He was fishing on one of the lakes, when all at once this thought came to him: "What is the fun in fishing when there is no one to eat the fish or to care how many I catch? I wish I could give a string of them to somebody." He turned the boat shoreward and stepped out just as the little elf came along.

"Oh, is it you?" he said indifferently, wishing it might have been some one else.

"How are you enjoying your world?" asked the hunchback, with an odd smile.

"I'm tired and sick of it," answered Prince Ginjan dismally. "I haven't had a pleasant hour since I've been here."

"Dear me, that is strange! Do you want another ocean, or maybe an extra bil"—

"No; not I," interrupted the prince. "I'm poorer with what you have given me than I was before I saw you."

"Poorer!" ejaculated the elf.

"Yes, poorer!" emphasized the prince with a kind of desperation. "Isn't a person poor when he can't give anything away?"

The elf looked thoughtful. "Well, yes," he felt obliged to admit.

"If you really want to be kind," said the prince, brightening, "take me back to my old home in the little kingdom that my father rules."

"You couldn't take your possessions with you," explained the elf. "There isn't room for them there."

"I know that, and I don't want them," said the prince.

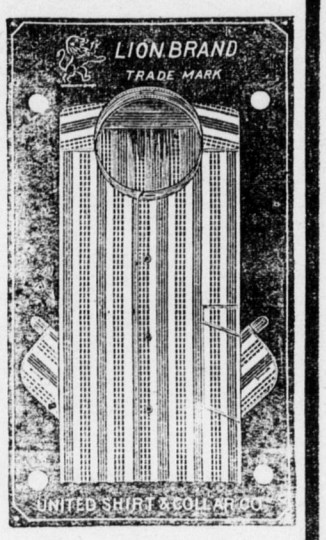
The elf now passed a magic wand three times over the prince's head. At the third movement the oceans, lakes and rivers dried up; the ships, the parks, the stores, the castles, the palaces and the heaps of money seemed to pass into the clouds, and Prince Ginjan found himself once more in the palace of his father.

"OH, IS IT YOU?"

Those who have studied old annals say that Prince Ginjan now covered himself with glory by making a contribution to science in the shape of the division table, which up to this time had not been invented. This is, of course, only a myth and may have originated in the historic entertainment given on a certain twenty-fifth day of December, at which this prince distributed quantities of his treasures among the poor. By this act Prince Ginjan won for himself the title of "The Generous," a distinction by which he was known through out his long and happy reign.

Our New Fall Goods.

Have arrived and we are ready for the Fall and Winter campaign.
During the past few months we have almost entirely closed out all left-over stock, therefore start in with an
Entirely New Stock.
READY-MADE CLOTHING, (Stylish make.)
ELEGANT LINE of FURNISHINGS,
TRUNKS, SATCHELS, &c.
We are agents for the LION Brand Shirts and have recently received a very fine assortment of these celebrated
$1.00 SHIRTS.



They Are Beauties.
We continue to keep the.
MAC HURDLE DRESS SHIRTS.
We want every citizen of this county to call and inspect our present stock, feeling assured that you will be pleased.
R. SEGER & SON,
Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.

Furniture.
Everything in stock that goes to make up a first-class Furniture Store. Will not be under sold by any one. . .
Carpets,
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in all its branches promptly attended to.
You all know the place.
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THE BIG BRICK STORE,
Cor. Fourth and Chestnut St.,
EMPORIUM, PA.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12 25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M. Baltimore, 2:30 A. M. Washington, 4:05 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

10 25 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.22 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:33 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	8 55	4 00	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 44	4 38	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 20	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 30
.....	11 08	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 45
3 25	11 15	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 20	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 33	6 22	....Wilcox....	11 59	2 45	8 04
3 56	11 48	6 35	.Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 49
4 15	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway....	9 35	2 15	7 30
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
4 25	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 25	2 04	7 20
4 35	12 30	7 21	. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	7 09
4 39	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	7 05
4 42	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	7 01
4 46	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier....	9 02	1 43	6 57
4 56	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 47
4 59	12 54	7 47	..Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 07	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 35
5 15	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 30
5 30	1 25	8 15	.... DuBois.....	8 25	1 05	6 10
5 17	1 20	8 10	..Falls Creek...	6 58	1 13	6 30
5 30	1 32	8 23	.Reynoldsville..	6 44	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 50	...Brookville...	6 10	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 30	New Bethlehem		11 47	4 50
7 30	3 20	10 10	...Red Bank....		11 10	4 05
10 15	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg....		9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily.....4:05 A. M.
Train No. 115, daily.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days.....8:25 A. M.
Train No. 103, week days.....1:45 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	901
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 28	11 10	4 05	7 55	11 10
Lawsonham,..	.....	9 40	†1122	4 18	8 07	11 23
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 37	11 55
Brookville,....	†6 10	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,.	6 44	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 58	11 48	1 13	6 30	1005	1 29
DuBois,.....	7 05	†11 55	1 25	6 40	1010	‡ 1 35
Sabula,.....	7 17	.....	1 37	6 52	*	
Pennfield,.....	7 35	.....	1 55	7 10	≳	
Bennezette,....	8 09	.....	2 29	7 44	≳	
Driftwood,..	†8 45	.....	†3 05	†820	?	
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood, Lv.	†9 44	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 25	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	103	102	114	110	942
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 15	.....	†3 20	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†4 00	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....					
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 15	†1120	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....	.....	6 50	11 55	.....	6 25	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 25	12 30	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 43	12 49	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois.....	*6 20	8 00	1 05	†5 10	7 35	†4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 27	8 10	1 20	5 17	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 44	8 23	1 32	5 30	7 58	4 30
Brookville.	7 15	8 50	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	8 01	9 20	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham,..	8 31	9 57	†3 06	7 18	.....	6 18
Red Bank,Ar..	8 45	10 10	3 20	7 30	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1015	.....	‡9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stops between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.
ⱳFlag Stop.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Agt. Gen'l Passenger

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	10	8	4	6	2
	P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,.. Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 26
Coleman,.....	*3 25	.....	○○	.....	*11 41
Burtville,.....	*3 30	.....	7 16	.....	11 47
Roulette,.....	3 40	.....	7 25	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,.....	*3 45	.....	○○	.....	*11 59
Mina,.....	3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,.....	*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,.....	○○	.....	○○	.....	*12 13
Coudersport. {Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
{Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,	.....	*6 15	.....	○○	*1 05
Frink's,.....	.....	6 25	.....	*6 10	*1 12
Colesburg,.....	.....	*6 40	.....	*6 17	1 29
Seven Bridges,.....	.....	*6 45	.....	*6 21	*1 24
Raymonds's,.....	.....	*7 09	.....	*6 30	1 35
Gold,.....	.....	7 05	.....	6 36	1 41
Newfield,.....	.....	○○	.....		1 45
Newfield Junction,..	.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,.....	.....	*7 49	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,.....	.....	7 46	.....	○○	*1 57
Crowell's,.....	.....	7 50	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses,..... Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 10
	.....	A. M.	.....		P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,.....Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,.....	*7 27	*2 32	* 9 19	.....
Carpenter's,.....	○○	*2 34	* 9 22	.....
Perkins,.....	*7 32	*2 37	* 9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,..	7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,.....	*7 41	2 46	○○	.....
Gold,.....	7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's.....	*7 49	2 54	* 9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,.....	*8 01	*3 05	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,.....	*8 04	3 09	*10 10	.....
Frink's,.....	*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport, ...	○○	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport,..... {Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
{Lv.	8 28	6 00	1 20	.....
	○○	○○	○○	.....
Hammonds,.....	*8 33	*6 05	*1 31	.....
Olmsted,.....	8 37	6 10	1 37	.....
Mina,.....	○○	*6 17	○○	.....
Knowlton's,.....	8 47	6 21	1 51	.....
Roulette,.....	8 54	6 28	2 01	.....
Burtville,.....	○○	*6 34	○○	.....
Coleman,.....	9 08	6 40	2 25	.....
Port Allegany,.....				

ⱳ Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop.
Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do not.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect April 15th. 1901.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	P. M.
ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 45	7 10	....	12 25	.....	.....
.... Austin,.....	8 00	6 43	....	11 58	....	8 45
....Costello,....	.....	6 31	.....	11 49	.....	8 36
...Wharton,....	.....	6 24	.....	11 39	.....	8 21
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 43	.....	10 58	.....	7 40
....Corbett,....	.....	5 15	.....	10 31	.....	7 15
...Germania,....	.....	5 07	.....	10 26	.....	7 07
dp..Galeton.....	P. M.	5 00	.....	.....	.....	.....
ar, "	7 00	.....	1 00	10 20	.....	7 00
.... Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	10 00	.....	6 47
...Westfield,....	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	....	6 11
...Knoxville....	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	....	5 55
....Osceola,....	5 48	.....	11 48	7 51	.....	5 46
....Elkland,....	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,....	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

READ DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Lv K'ting Smt...	.....	12 40	7 30	9 10	.....
.....Austin.....	6 50	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....
....Costello,....	7 00	1 14	.....	.....	.....
....Wharton....	7 12	1 26	.....	.....	.....
Cross Fork Jct.	7 56	2 09	.....	.....	.....
....Corbett.....	8 23	2 36	.....	.....	.....
....Germania....	8 33	2 47	.....	.....	.....
Ar. {Galeton,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. {	8 43	2 53	.....	.....	.....
.....Gaines.....	8 55	3 06	.....	.....	.....
...Westfield....	9 33	3 43	.....	.....	.....
...Knoxville....	9 46	3 56	.....	.....	.....
....Osceola	9 57	4 06	.....	.....	.....
....Elkland	10 02	4 11	.....	.....	.....
Ar..Addison....	10 34	4 43	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....

Read down. Read up.

P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
	9 40	8 20	lv..Ansonia ..ar	9 22	7 45	.....
	9 54	8 35	..Manhatten...	9 06	7 29	.....
	9 57	8 39	South Gaines,	9 02	7 25	.....
P. M.	9 59	8 42	..Gaines Junc..	9 00	7 23	.....
.....		8 55	ar { Galeton } lv		7 10	.....
	6 39	1 05	lv { Galeton } ar	10 10	5 00	.....
.....	6 47	1 24	....Walton	9 51	4 41	.....
.....	7 13	1 59	.Newfield Jct...	9 27	4 17	.....
.....	7 30	2 06	West Bingham,..	9 09	3 59	.....
.....	7 41	2 18	.... Genesee....	8 58	3 48	.....
.....	7 46	2 24	.... Shongo	8 53	3 43	.....
.....	8 06	2 46	dp Wellsville ar	8 30	3 20	.....

STATIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	ar		dp	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 05	2 00	7 45	Cross F'k Junc.		11 00	6 35	3 00	
3 55	1 00	6 45	ar	Cross Fork	dp	11 55	5 45	2 10

A. M.		A. M.
4 10	Lv Sinnamahoning, Ar	8 30
5 20	ar.....Wharton.....lv	7 15

All trains run daily except Sunday.
☞Sundays only.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. for all points north and south.

At Ausonia with Fall Brook R. R. for all points north and south.

At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses and points on Cowanesque Valley branch of Fall Brook R. R.

At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R.

At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west.

At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.

H. H. GARDINER, Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Buffalo, N. Y
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa.
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F. H. GOODYEAR, Ass't Gen'l Supt., Austin, Pa.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.—CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
In effect Nov. 3, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME Leave	a m	a m	p m		p m
Pittsburg }				p m	
Allegheny }		*9 00		†4 10	10 00
Butler.....	.....	10 12		5 21	11 22
Craigsville.....	.....	.....		5 55	11 57
West Mosgrove.....	.....	.....		6 20	
Echo.....	.....	.....		6 39	
Dayton.....	.....	.....		6 50	12 49
Punxsutawney, Ar	a.m.	12 08	p m	7 30	1 20
Punxsutawney, Lv.....	†5 15	12 10	†1 45	7 30	1 22
Big Run.....	5 30	.....	2 00	7 48	1 35
C. & M. Junction.....	5 53	.....	2 23	8 06	
DuBois.....	6 03	12 50	2 30	8 15	2 05
Falls Creek.....	6 09	12 57	2 47	p m	2 12
Brockwayville.....	6 26	1 10	3 05		2 28
Ridgway.....	7 00	1 42	3 43		3 06
Johnsonburg.....	7 14	1 54	4 16		3 19
Mt. Jewett.....	8 06	2 45	5 06		4 14
Newton.....	8 24	3 01	5 28		
Bradford, Ar.....	8 55	3 30	6 00		5 00
	a m	P.M.	p m		
Buffalo, Ar.....	1150	6 30			7 15
Rochester.....		7 50			8 45
Arrive	a m	p m			a m

Additional train leaves Butler for Punxsutawney at 7:30 a. m., daily except Sundays.

SOUTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME Leave	a m	9	a m	p m	5	7
Rochester.....			*7 45			
Buffalo, Lv.....			900	‡3 15	10 15	
			am	p m	p m	a m
Bradford, Lv.....			†7 45	12 10	6 15	12 45
Newton.....			8 20	12 39	6 53	
Mt. Jewett.....			8 42	12 55	7 12	1 32
Johnsonburg.....			9 27	1 42	8 00	2 21
Ridgway.....			9 55	2 56	8 15	2 37
Brockwayville.....	a m		10 30	2 30	8 52	3 11
Falls Creek.....			10 49	2 47	9 09	3 25
DuBois.....	†640		11 00	2 55	9 15	3 34
C. & M. Junction.....	6 47		11 07		9 22	
Big Run.....	7 13		11 31		9 45	4 03
Punxsutawney, Ar.....	7 28		11 45	3 33	10 00	4 18
Punxsutawney, Lv.....	7 30	a m		3 35		4 20
Dayton.....	8 11					4 50
Echo.....	8 22				p m	
West Mosgrove.....	8 45				.....	
Craigsville.....	9 09				.....	5 40
Butler.....	9 47			5 34	.....	6 15
Allegheny }	11 00			6 45	.....	7 30
Pittsburg {					.....	
Arrive	a m			pm	.....	am

Additional train leaves Punxsutawney for Butler 4:35 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

CLEARFIELD DIVISION.

EAST BOUND Leave	70 a m		72 p m		p. m
Reynoldsville.....			†2 20		
Falls Creek.....	†6 55		2 43		
DuBois.....	7 03		3 25		
C. & M. Junction.....	7 10		3 32		
Curwensville.....	7 48		4 17		
Clearfield, Market St...	8 00		4 32		
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.	8 10		4 45		
Arrive	a m		p m		p m

WEST BOUND Leave		73 a m		75 p m
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.		†11 30		†7 10
Clearfield, Market St..		11 38		7 18
Curwensville.....		11 49		7 31
C. & M. Junction.....		12 28		8 11
DuBois.....		12 45		8 20
Falls Creek		1 05		8 30
Reynoldsville.....		1 25		
Arrive		p m		p m

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Trains 3 and 6 are solid vestibuled, with handsome day coaches, cafe and reclining chair cars. Trains 2 and 7 have Pullman Sleepers between Buffalo and Pittsburg and Rochester and Pittsburg.

EDWARD O. LAPEY
Gen. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

CHRISTMAS NONSENSE

A Stocking Full of Mirth Filled by the Jolly Jesters of the Day.

"If I am not in error," Miss Daisy Peachblow said earnestly, compressing her lips in an ominous manner at each pause, "if I am not wandering by the wayside mentally, you stated a moment ago that Reginald Sapley was a bright fellow."

"Well—er—er—I think I did make some such good natured remark," admitted Myrta Hapgood. "Why, isn't he a bright fellow?"

"Well," said Miss Daisy, "he is either a fool or a knave, and I'm quite sure he isn't a knave."

"Then he must be a fool. There's only the fool left. Aren't you rather severe, Daisy, dear?"

"Judge for yourself. He was here all Christmas eve, you know?"

"Yes. He remained until 12 o'clock, I believe you said."

"That's true—four long and weary hours until midnight, and, as you can see, I have this bit of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier in the middle of the room."

"Of course. Well?"

"Well, it was here last night, and during the long and weary four hours I naturally happened to drift under it a few times, and he"—

"Tried to kiss you, did he? Ha, ha!"

"Tried to kiss me!" cried the indignant Daisy. "What, that bright fellow try to kiss me? Listen! Every single time I happened under the chandelier he jumped up and down, waved his arms in the air like a crazy man and shrieked: 'Look out, Mith Daithy! Look out! You're right thquare under the mithletoe, Mith Daithy!' Bright fellow? Fool—f-o-o-l!"
—New York World.

A Christmas Fact.

The future has a golden tinge;
The past, too, may seem pleasant;
But just about the Christmastide
There's nothing like the present.

—Life.

His Reasoning.

"It seems to me, dad," said the young hopeful, "that the proper kind of present for Christmas is a ten dollar bill."

"Indeed? And why?" growled the parent.

"Because the season's usually spelled 'Xmas.'"

But he never touched him.—New York Journal.

The Attraction.

He lingered on, quite loath to go;
They sat upon the stair,
But not beneath the mistletoe;
She had that in her hair.

Negotiations.

"I called to see you, sir," remarked the popular young pastor of the Church of the Extended Invocation to the proprietor of a shoe store, "to ascertain what you would pay for an assorted lot of slippers—say from one dozen to five—to be delivered immediately after Christmas."

Too Much Plum Pudding.

'Twas the night after Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was sleeping,
Not even a mouse!

—Criterion.

A Mind Reader.

Clairvoyant—Your hard luck will begin on Christmas.

"Who told you I was to be married on that day?"—New York World.

Good For the Kid.

It is plain to see by the large amount
Of presents received by the kid
That Santa Claus never kept strict account
Of half the things that he did.

—Truth.

Dead Broke.

Johnson—Say, but wouldn't Christmas presents drive you to drink?

Jones—Drive? Why, hang it, I haven't money enough left to even take a street car to the saloon.

The One Exception.

The days of old may seem more pleasant,
For joy was never meant to last;
Yet we admit the Christmas present
Is better than the Christmas past.

He Had 'Em.

Walter—Did Uncle Jack see Santa Claus last night?

Carolyn—I guess so. They say he saw almost everything one could imagine.—Truth.

Narrow Escape.

If all the world should love us,
How full were sorrow's cup!
The cash we'd spend at Christmas
Would simply break us up.

—Chicago Record.

A Mean Insinuation.

Airtight—I shall give my wife a handsome pair of spectacles for Christmas.

Guyer—Why, I didn't know you used glasses.—New York Journal.

She of the Cooking School.

He tried her mince to please the maid;
She begged him, "Have some more, Matt?"
But he declined; he was afraid;
It tasted like a doormat.

—New York World.

CHRISTMAS WISH.

I wish that good old Santa
Would travel like a show
And to his tent of playthings
For nothing let me go,
And take along my stockings
To fill in laughing glee
With all the things he fondly
Hangs on the Christmas tree.

I'd see the pasteboard camel
Wink at the kangaroo;
I'd see the china wombat
And quagga chase the gnu;
I'd see the rubber ostrich
Serenely wink his eye
To see the monkey capture
The peanut on the fly,

And then I'd see old Santa
With all his books of rhymes;
I'd grab him by the whiskers
And kiss him fifty times
And on his back go riding
Beneath the fairy dome
And with a lot of playthings
Go running gayly home.

'Tis then I think old Santa
Should up and go away
And in some other village
Put up his tent next day,
And then go on still farther,
And farther still and still
To let all lovely children
Their great big stockings fill.

'Twould then be always Christmas,
All musical with joy
And bending tree and turkey
And hobby horse and toy,
For while upon his travels
Old Santa'd scatter cheer;
He'd make a Christmas somewhere
Each day throughout the year.

—Woman's Home Companion.

WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?

Tradition Answers With a Pretty Story.

It is frequently asked, "Who is Santa Claus?" Here is a story about him that lets light upon his real character. He was bishop of Myra and died about the year 326. Among his parishioners (so runs one story) there lived a certain nobleman who had three daughters. From being rich he became so poor that there seemed to him no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to a dishonorable life. Over and over again the thought came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meanwhile the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do and having no bread to eat, and their father became more and more desperate. When St. Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land. Therefore one night when the maidens were asleep and their father alone sat watching and weeping he took a handful of gold and tying it up in a handkerchief repaired to the nobleman's dwelling. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and while he stood irresolute the moon coming from behind a cloud showed him an open window. So he threw in the gold, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks and presented it to his eldest daughter as her wedding portion. A second time St. Nicholas collected a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night. So a wedding portion was provided for the second daughter. But the curiosity of the old nobleman was now excited. He greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid. Therefore he determined to watch. When the good saint came for the third time and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe and flung himself at his feet, saying, "Oh, Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?" And he kissed his feet and hands. But St. Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

How the Day Was Celebrated In Olden Times.

Sixty years ago skyrockets, Roman candles and Chinese firecrackers were unknown in the south. The same may be said of the Christmas tree outside of the old Episcopal parishes. And still the boys of those early days made a deal of pother by the bursting of hogs' bladders and the firing of shotguns at the break of day. The morning eggnog was seldom omitted in their matutinal festivities.

The old time negroes, the happiest yeomanry of the world, were never refused their traditional Christmas dram. There were then no poorhouses, no charity hospitals, and the benevolent machinery of these degenerate days was unknown because not needed.

Country quiltings were all the rage in the rural districts, and when work was finished the neighboring fiddler was summoned. After no little turning and scraping the swains and their sweethearts stood up vis-a-vis in two lines. At the words "Set to your partners" they footed it quite nimbly through the mazes of the Virginia reel—no stately minuet, no high-falutin german, but a rollicking movement that shook the floor until, as Burns puts it,

The roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Those were halcyon days the like of which is not seen nowadays.

Cunning.

Jimmie—But your stockin's have holes in them.

Johnnie—Sh! I'm goin' ter put a basket beneath 'em.—New York Journal.

Old English Saying.

As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas so many happy months will you have.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Oranges. Grapes.
Oatmeal, Cream.
Baked Apples.
Omelet. Stewed Potatoes.
Old Fashioned Sausage Balls.
Wheat Cakes. Gems.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Blue Points on the Half Shell.
Cream of Tomato Soup.
Celery. Radishes. Olives.
Boiled Cod, Lobster Sauce.
Plain Potato Balls. Cucumbers.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Sauce.
Cranberry Jelly.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Peas. Boiled Onions.
Roman Punch.
Roast Duck, Nut Stuffing.
Orange Salad.
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
Ices. Cakes. Jelly.
Cheese. Wafers.
Coffee.
Bonbons. Fruits. Nuts.

SUPPER
Lobster a la Newburg in Chafing Dish.
Mayonnaise of Celery.
Potato Croquettes. Pickled Beets.
Parker House Rolls.
Frozen Jelly, Whipped Cream.
Sponge Cake.
Tea.

C. B. HOWARD & CO. | C. B. HOWARD & CO.

Carpets We have just received our new spring line of carpet samples and they are the finest we have ever had. We get our carpets direct from the manufacturer and thus save the jobbers profit which we give to our customers. We can give you a better quality at a smaller price than any other house in town.

Rugs The finest and cheapest line of Rugs ever displayed in Emporium, can now be seen at our store. Come at once and get your choice as they will not last long at the prices we are selling them.

Dry Goods Our Dry Goods and Notion Department is well stocked with the latest Dress Goods, Linings, Corsets, Gloves and in fact everything that can be bought at a first class Dry Goods Store.

We are agents for the DEMOREST Sewing Machines which are conceded by competent judges to be the equal of any high priced machine on the market. When thinking of buying a machine call and see our Demorests and you will have us send one to your home.

Prices from $19.50 to $25.00.

Liberal Terms.

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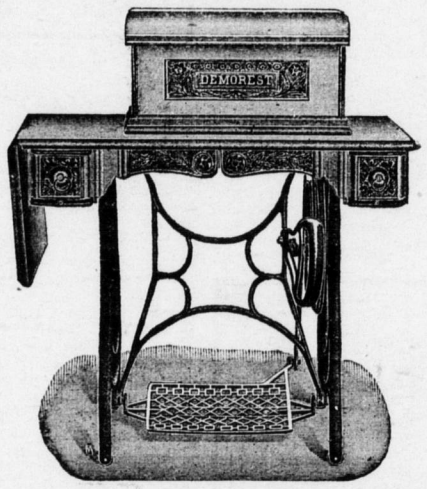

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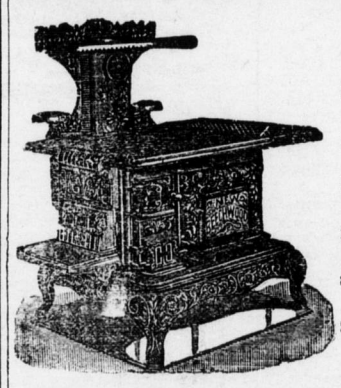
C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.

LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING, HEATING AND GAS STOVES



Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popular with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

A NEW YEAR'S BASKET

"Love Will Find a Way"

By ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE

FROM the time I was a boy in kilts, calling on the Steeles formed part and parcel of my New Year's day. They lived in a great stone house across the way. Their windows were larger, their front door broader, and the iron pineapples on their gateposts bigger than any others in the neighborhood. I am sure about the pineapples, for Mary Steele and I measured them one day after a wordy battle. We used the hem of her pinafore as far as it would go, and finished the inches upon my pocket handkerchief.

She was right. Their pineapples were twice the size of ours, and I admired her pretty, exultant face, as it pressed closely to see that I "played fair." She was so near that her breath blew her loose hair across my cheek. Suddenly, I snatched her close and kissed her again and again. She struggled and freed herself. Indignant tears were in her eyes. "You are a very mean boy," she said, "and I'll never speak to you again."

It was a mean trick, and my cheeks flush yet when I think of it; but I was "only a boy," as Grandma Steele said, when she patched up the row; "and boys have impulses, as well as girls."

After that error I felt it my duty to become more winning and agreeable. I tried with my boy's might to keep myself neat, and corrected a dozen small faults, of which mother despaired, in order to stand well with Mary. Strive as I would, there was a lost something that could not be restored, and Mary's distrust of me made my self-love ache. It was only on New Year's day that she treated me with the interest I craved. Dear old New Year's days! I love the memory of them.

Though the Steele house was stately outside, once within those hospitable doors formality was forgotten, until one met Grandma Steele. Her handsome face and fine manner suggested high-breeding, and unconsciously one put forth one's best speech and conduct when in her presence.

"I SNATCHED HER CLOSE."

I thought it a breach of courtesy to cough or sneeze before her, and many a heroic struggle have I had with self to avoid these spasms.

Mary's mother was altogether different. She was a small, fair woman, with merry little ways, a continual laugh, and the manners of a child. The sort of a person that one must pet, and indulge, and excuse. My mother was also a very small woman, but her manner to Mrs. Steele was that of a tall woman bending to a midget.

Year after year passed in pleasant, even fashion, until I reached the age of 12. Mother wakened me as usual one New Year's morning, but, contrary to her custom, seated herself on my bedside, and, facing me, clasped my hand in hers.

"My son," said she, "you are old enough now to bear responsibility, and learn manly ways and ideas. Your father was a gentleman. He was kind, loving and tender; ever ready to defend a girl, a woman, and the right. He never drank to intoxication, and hoped his son might also be exempt from this temptation. If not, he prayed that strength might be given him to leave it entirely alone."

I wondered why mother was saying this to me, when tears came in her beloved eyes, and she continued:

"I am telling you this, dear lad, because you always visit the Steeles on New Year's day, and there are many young men whom you may see there—young men who drink too much, say too much, and whose manners are not always the manners of gentlemen."

Then I understood, and putting my arms about her neck, pledged myself in the name of my dead father to be temperate, faithful and true. The bells of St. Margaret's broke into a merry chime just then, and mother ran away crying:

"Up, up, Jack! My son must not be a sluggard on New Year's day."

The day had been dull and gray. A whitey sense of snow thrilled through the sharp, wintry air, which made the warmth and comfort within intoxicating. From nine o'clock in the morning a line of callers had poured over the door-sill of the Steele house. Carriages emptied their loads of elegant looking men at their curbstone, the tails of rich coats flourished like black wings behind the flying figures, while white satin waistcoats and light gloves gleamed in contrast as the callers rushed up the steps. Few little boys were among the guests, and my jealous heart absorbed a grain of comfort from this knowledge.

I hurried from my outlook, and into my hat and raglan, when mother called:

"Come, Jack! It's four o'clock! Aren't you going over to the Steeles?"

When Pompey opened the door, he showed all his double molars in astonishment at my magnificence. I was clad in broadcloth from shoulders to ankles, instead of the velvet, short trousers and braided jacket that had fretted my masculine dignity for two years. Some one has said that "a sense of being well-dressed gives one a self-possession that religion cannot bestow."

I felt this as I entered the parlor, and caught a glimpse of Mary. The fact, too, that Mary's pink sash exactly matched my necktie added warmth to the atmosphere; and made me accept Grandma Steele's formal kiss and Mrs. Steele's laughing greeting: "My! O! My! Jack, but you are a swell," as my rightful due.

Mary was especially nice and glad to see me. She had two or three little tricks of speech lately that I liked, and her laugh was getting so sweet and low.

Through the long parlors, under both the big prismatic chandeliers, was spread "the table," that wonderful feature of New Year's hospitality in olden New York. It was laden with substantials and delicacies, all beautifully arranged; and on a side table steaming coffee and chocolate, and rich punch were dispensed by Pompey, who made a capital bronze cup-bearer, in color and figure, always ready to "serve de gemmen."

Mary and I were getting on very well. Grandma Steele had taken us to the pretty

HE LAY PROSTRATE.

table. We feasted, girl and boy fashion; I had proposed a philopena, and was about asking for one of those pink ribbons, when a party of gentlemen came in, and suddenly the air changed. In a moment it became evident they had imbibed too freely, and were too hilarious for the society of ladies.

Grandma Steele drew herself up very tall, proudly so. She smiled and talked, but her smile was like the frost on a window-pane, and her words were like bits of ice striking the sides of a thin goblet. In a quick undertone she gave Pompey to understand the punch-bowl needed replenishing. It disappeared as swiftly as if he had been a prestidigitator; and the black conjuror forgot to bring it back. Clever Pompey!

Mrs. Steele smiled and jested gayly, exchanging badinage in her light-hearted way, and looking very fair and pretty. She rippled out a merry laugh, as one young man fell to his knees while making a gallant speech over her extended hand. Across Grandma Steele's face came a flash of color. She stepped quickly toward her daughter-in-law, exclaiming:

"Mary! Be careful;" but she was too late. The daring young man was on his feet, and made a rush for the now frightened lady. He caught her tightly in his drunken embrace, and started to run off with her. The other men were laughing helplessly, treating the matter as a huge joke.

Mary groaned and covered her face with both hands, and I, in a fury of rage, dashed in front of the young man and tore open his arms with the power and ease of some mighty avenger. Mrs. Steele, thus freed, fairly flew up the stairs, her face filled with terror and distress.

I stood by the newel post a second, flushed and panting; gazing down in disgust at the prostrate man. Then, as Pompey lifted the drunkard to his feet, a volley of curses, black and deep, that were intended for me, befouled the air.

The memory of my morning's pledge came to my mind. I walked to the parlor, and said to the three gentlemen:

"Your friend is ill. He is in his carriage. Pompey is waiting at the door. I will make your excuses to Mrs. Steele."

They bowed themselves out in a maudlin fashion; and it was the proudest moment of my life when Grandma Steele laid her hand on my yellow head and said, quietly:

"My boy! My little protector! I thank you."

Mr. Steele came in shortly after that. Grandma Steele met him at the door, and his order to Pompey, as I went home, was:

"We are not at home to-night, Pompey."

That same month I went to boarding-school, carrying my lady's color with me, in the shape of a pink hair ribbon Mary had worn on New Year's day. Surely, there never was a prouder knight than I.

Year by year the good old custom dwindled; killed by just such sights as had disgusted my young soul. The gorgeous toilettes moderated to modest gowns. Luxurious tables shrank to trays of cakes and wine, or cakes and coffee. Men walked, or rode in street cars, to pay their calls. Family reunions began to be popular. Still I made my annual call on Mary and her mother, and grew no nearer.

The stately Grandma had passed away, and Mary sometimes wore her pearl-set miniature. Then my home was desolated. My mother's death left me sad indeed. Mr. Steele was a kind friend in my trouble, and when the worst was past Mrs. Steele showed herself still merry, childlike, and young. Mary, alone, I could not fathom.

I had been in Paris two years, and had corresponded with Mary in fraternal fashion for more than a twelvemonth; when I suddenly wrote an impassioned letter, telling her of my life's love, and imploring her to be my wife.

She responded briefly, and in the tone used through all her letters: "I thank you for the high compliment," she wrote, "but why not keep on in our old friendly way?"

This was too much. I was hurt deeply, never answered her letter, and resolved to keep aloof, now and forever. Toward the end of December I became uneasy, and resolved to go home, or, at least, to old New York. We landed on New Year's eve, and on New Year's morning, as the bells of St. Margaret's were chiming for service, I found myself opposite Mary's house, looking over at the old place, with the same old boyish interest.

What a change from the old days! Every shade of every house on the block entirely covered its window, and on each bell-pull was a tiny basket fastened with a bunch of gay ribbons. I was indignant. "A nice way that," I argued, mentally, "to treat visitors on New Year's day." A closed house, indeed! It should open to me! And that basket! Probably it was the gift of some fond lover, like the Mayday baskets of the olden time. Tied with Mary's favorite color, too! Very well! I would take it down and offer her my congratulations, when I handed her the basket!

So I mounted the steps and gave the bell knob a vigorous pull. Old Pompey opened the door. He knew me at once, and smiled broadly, as he said:

"Miss Mary, she'll be delighted. Dis visit's so on-reglar; jes whut she likes."

When Mary came, she seemed a little tremulous and confused. I remembered the basket. It had fallen to the floor. I pounced upon it viciously. In it lay a card:

"Mr. Stewart Kingsley."

"Mary," I gasped; "surely you are never going to marry the man who insulted your mother 12 years ago;" and I held up the card before her astonished eyes.

"You silly boy," said she, and with that years vanished; we were young again.

"This," shaking the basket, "is the way people receive to-day. We put out our basket, and anyone who wishes may drop his card in it."

"Then he did not send the basket?"

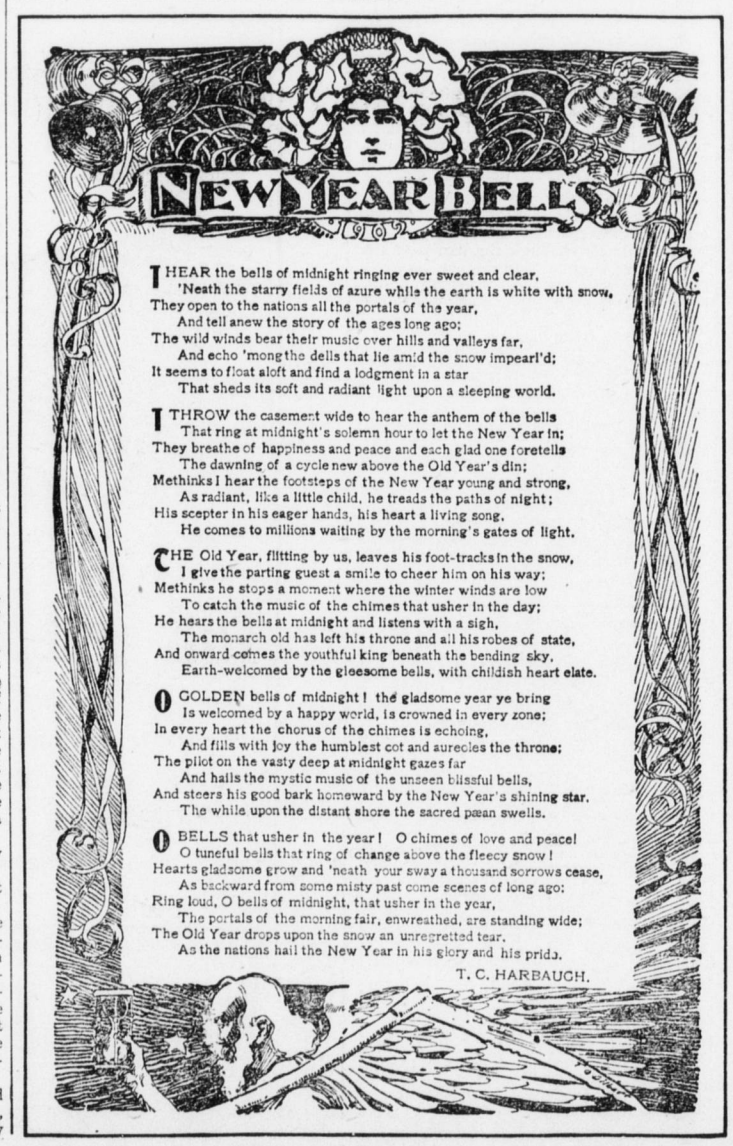
"Oh, no!" laughed Mary.

"Well," said I, "what a silly fashion; to tie five yards of ribbon to one's bell-handle, that a friend may not pull it!"

"No. Only two yards," said Mary.

"Five," I protested, and then said: "Come; let's measure it." So I took my handkerchief to measure and finished up the inches on the ribbon that hung from her belt. This brought us very near each other; my hand trembled, but I had gained a fine courage. A curl of my yellow, tousled head brushed Mary's cheek. She flushed prettily, and, putting her arms about my neck, touched my lips lightly with hers.

"That was a mean trick!" I cried, delightedly, snatching my darling to my heart, "and I'll never speak to you again, unless you promise to repeat it every day of your natural life."



I HEAR the bells of midnight ringing ever sweet and clear,
'Neath the starry fields of azure while the earth is white with snow,
They open to the nations all the portals of the year,
And tell anew the story of the ages long ago;
The wild winds bear their music over hills and valleys far,
And echo 'mong the dells that lie amid the snow impearl'd;
It seems to float aloft and find a lodgment in a star
That sheds its soft and radiant light upon a sleeping world.

I THROW the casement wide to hear the anthem of the bells
That ring at midnight's solemn hour to let the New Year in;
They breathe of happiness and peace and each glad one foretells
The dawning of a cycle new above the Old Year's din;
Methinks I hear the footsteps of the New Year young and strong,
As radiant, like a little child, he treads the paths of night;
His scepter in his eager hands, his heart a living song,
He comes to millions waiting by the morning's gates of light.

THE Old Year, flitting by us, leaves his foot-tracks in the snow,
I give the parting guest a smile to cheer him on his way;
Methinks he stops a moment where the winter winds are low
To catch the music of the chimes that usher in the day;
He hears the bells at midnight and listens with a sigh,
The monarch old has left his throne and all his robes of state,
And onward comes the youthful king beneath the bending sky,
Earth-welcomed by the gleesome bells, with childish heart elate.

O GOLDEN bells of midnight! the gladsome year ye bring
Is welcomed by a happy world, is crowned in every zone;
In every heart the chorus of the chimes is echoing,
And fills with joy the humblest cot and aurecles the throne;
The pilot on the vasty deep at midnight gazes far
And hails the mystic music of the unseen blissful bells,
And steers his good bark homeward by the New Year's shining star,
The while upon the distant shore the sacred pæan swells.

O BELLS that usher in the year! O chimes of love and peace!
O tuneful bells that ring of change above the fleecy snow!
Hearts gladsome grow and 'neath your sway a thousand sorrows cease,
As backward from some misty past come scenes of long ago;
Ring loud, O bells of midnight, that usher in the year,
The portals of the morning fair, enwreathed, are standing wide;
The Old Year drops upon the snow an unregretted tear,
As the nations hail the New Year in his glory and his pride.

T. C. HARBAUCH.

THE WATCH NIGHT.

'Twas like an old-time lovefeast—that
Watch night, for it seemed
That heaven was just so near to us its
light around us streamed;
Jerusalem, the golden, flung all its portals
wide,
And we felt the shining presence of the
crowned and crucified.

We saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and
all-revealing sky,
That far-off land, o'er Jordan's strand,
where our possessions lie;
And heard, while all our songs of joy were
thrilled and wafted o'er,
A softer, sweeter music from the bright,
celestial shore.

The dear old songs of Zion—the old and
ever new—
From praying lips and hearts that night
were answered from the blue;
We listened for the answer, with perfect
faith, and then
When one cried "Hallelujah!" soft echoes
said: "Amen!"

"Amen!" each face uplifted seemed all a-
shine with light—
The radiance of the realms that know no
sorrow—neither night;
Where never any blessing to His children
He denies—
When the Lord Himself shall wipe away
the teardrops from their eyes.

'Twas like an old-time Lovefeast; old
scenes were brought to view—
We had the old-time singing, and the "old
religion," too!
We told how He had walked with us
through valleys of Despair,
Until at last, the dangers past, His love
had led us there!

And all sang "Hallelujah!" in sight of
heavenly lands;
'Twas a glad shaking up of hearts, as well
as shaking hands!
And the Old Year died in music, and the
New Year dawned in light,
And we passed to God's good morning from
the glory of His Night!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HOW JIMMIE KEPT HIS RESOLUTIONS

On the first day of January Jimmie Wilson's mother said: "Well, my son, what are your New Year's resolutions this year?"

It was evening, and Jimmie was working on a problem in interest at the time, for, say as much as they might about his not being neat in his dress or his unpleasant habit of nodding his head when he meant "yes," and shaking it when he meant "no," no one could say that he was not the leading pupil in arithmetic in Leestown academy. Another thing that everybody had to admit was that Jimmie was in love with his mother, but to-night he scowled and worked on. He heard Eva's subdued laugh, and without raising his eyes he saw Tom kick Ned.

He did not see his mother's face, but he knew without looking that pained surprise was written there, for he had never been the boy to treat his mother with disrespect. He might trip Tom or strike Ned, he might even tease Elsie or grumble when his father asked him to leave his problems to post a letter for him or to mow the grass on the lawn, but his mother always found him ready to go on an errand or do the chores.

By and by the figures began to act queerly. He found himself saying "nine times eight equals fifty-six," and once he discovered that he had multiplied the interest by the principal to get the rate. Determined not to give up, he tried to get his mind back to his work by adding a set of figures, three columns at a time, but he failed, and dropped to two columns; it was stil too much for him, and when he had gone to one column and had said "five and eight are—I won't talk to her before the others—eight and five are—they'd laugh if I did—are twelve; no, are—like as not Ned would ask me the time; pshaw! Five and eight—or else Tom would tell me to catch cold and get a crick in my neck—" he gave up and slammed book and tablet upon the table with such a bang that his mother dropped her work and Eva gave a frightened little screech that set the other boys into a roar of laughter.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Jimmie whispered to his mother: "Come up to my room," and made his escape. He waited in the hall until his mother came out, and then he took her arm and together they went in silence up to his room. Pushing her into his own cushioned rocker, he went to a table and took from one of the drawers a little red book. Then he came and sat on the arm of her chair. Still he had not spoken, but his mother was accustomed to his silent ways. Some people thought it queer that he should be so quiet, but when they mentioned it to his mother, she only smiled and called it "Jimmie's way."

Opening his book well toward the back, he said: "You know I keep my school records in here and my monthly accounts and anything else that I want to have convenient to refer to. I've had it two years."

He paused a moment, but his mother knew that he was warming to his subject, and at such a time he was sure to find the words that he needed.

"Back here I have written my New Year's resolutions, and you know how I have broken every one of them. 'January 1, 1897.—I hereby resolve to quit nodding my head and to say "yes" instead. If I stick to it, mother will give me a new watch.' What happened?"

His mother laughed, but he repeated almost fiercely: "What happened?"

"Why, on the second day of January I took you to the jeweler's and showed you the kind of watch I would get you if you kept your resolution, and then I asked: 'Isn't it worth the effort?'"

"And like a dunce, I nodded my head!"

"So you did, and you have tried ever since to earn that watch, but it has proved too hard a battle. Nevertheless I will say: 'Try again.'"

"Well, here's January 1, 1898. 'Once more I firmly resolve to quit nodding my head; moreover, I resolve not to give so much attention to arithmetic that I neglect my grammar.' What happened? Why, I nodded my head worse than ever and my year's average in grammar was one less than it was the year before."

"Still, I believe that you made a determined effort and you helped me to see how strongly your mind was turned toward mathematics. I think we have both been happier since," said his mother. From his elevated position on her chair arm Jimmie patted his mother's head approvingly.

"Now it comes to this year, and I know just what you want me to resolve to do. You want me first to say this: 'I am determined that the third time is the charm, and that not once during this entire year will I nod my head for yes or shake it for no.' Don't you?"

"I should like it," she answered with a smile. "I should not like to have you give up what once you have undertaken to do."

"Then you'd like me to add that I will be neat in my personal appearance. Now I want to ask you a question. Does being neat mean wearing a stiff collar and a white shirt and keeping my shoes blacked?"

"I should think so."

"Well, I can't do it."

"You can do it. You may not want to very much."

"Suppose I fail?"

"Try again."

"Suppose Tom tells me to take a stiff neck so I can't nod?"

"Don't hear him."

"Yes, I will, and pound him, too."

"Well?"

"Why, of course, when you look at me like that I'll try if I die in the attempt," and, taking a pencil from his pocket, he recorded his two vows.

On the following day Jimmie went down town and bought a half-dozen white shirts and as many collars.

"I don't want any half-high collars, either," he said to the clerk. "I want regular chokers. Death can't come any too soon to a fellow that has to wear such things. I want good points to them, too."

When he appeared at dinner, his head held high and his chin scraping the points at every movement of his head, the entire family looked the amazement that it did not dare to speak. Something in Jimmie's expression forbade it.

With unfailing regularity, his answers fell: "Yes, mother," No, father," and if at times his head moved suspiciously, as if the nod or the shake were coming, he always caught himself and the words came in time to save him. Eva declared to her mother an hour later that her head and neck ached for Jimmie, and on each succeeding day through the week she wished for Saturday.

Surely Jimmie would put on his old cotton shirt for Saturday," she told her mother in another outburst of suffering. "And if he does, I'll just hug him. I like our slouchy old Jimmie a hundred times better than I do this high-collared 'Yes-Eva-ed' boy we have now."

But Saturday brought no change in Jimmie's attire, and still no one dared speak to him about it. Jimmie went to his room earlier in the evening now than he used to do, and during the summer he spent many an hour alone in his room with his door locked. The year wore on and finally the 31st of December, 1899, had come and was almost gone. A party of young people had gathered at the house of the Wilsons to watch the old year out, but just before the clock struck 12 Jimmie touched his mother's arm, and together they slipped off to his room.

Going to the table drawer he took out the little book, and, opening it to the page on which he had written his resolutions, he spread it on the table and waited for the clock to strike. When the last sound had died away he took his pencil and wrote across the page "Victory." Then he slowly removed his high collar and threw in into his mother's lap. Standing directly in front of her, he said:

"Mother, ask me if I am glad that 1900 has arrived."

She repeated the question, and Jimmie deliberately nodded his head three times.

"Now, ask me if I am going to make any more New Year's resolutions."

She asked this question, and he shook his head three times, from right to left. Then he broke into a hearty laugh.

"I just wanted to see if I knew how to do it," he said. "I used to come off up here and take off my collar and rest my head and neck, but never once did I nod my head. Now, I think I can remember to say yes and no, but I've bought a box of new collars, and they are not high ones, either."

He produced a box filled with the comfortable turn-over kind, and, selecting one, put it on. Then he said: "We had better go downstairs. They have missed us. But don't say a word about this."

"Tell me one thing more," said his mother as they started down. "How did you manage to remember not to nod your head?" Jimmie laughed again.

"Oh, my collars always managed that for me," he said.—Chicago Daily Record.

Ceremony of Hand Kissing.

On New Year's day at the Russian capital the princes of the imperial family, personages of the court, functionaries and servants of the palace, come in regular order to present their homage and good wishes to the emperor, who kisses all the members of his family, and all the high officials three times, according to the Russian fashion. People meeting in the street in Russia on New Year's kiss each other, whether acquainted or not. The favored ones who have been kissed by the czar are permitted to kiss the hand of the empress. The ceremony of hand kissing was suppressed for a time, but reestablished a few years ago under the reign of Alexander III.

ONE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

A Dream That Warned This Young Man to Turn from the Paths of Sin.

On a certain New Year's night, an old man stood by the window, and gazed with a long look of despair out on the immovable, forever-sparkling heavens, then down upon the white, sinless earth, whereon at that moment no one was so cheerless, so sleepless as he. His own grave stood near him; it was not decked with the verdure of youth, but it was covered with the snows of ages. And this old man had brought nothing with him from the rich, teeming life of the world, save errors, sins, and disease; nothing but a worn body, a rayless, desolate soul, a bosom brimming with remorse, and a frosted old age filled with regrets, writes William Mason Turner, in New York Weekly.

The glad mornings of his youth hovered around him on this cold winter night like flitting apparitions; they carried him far back to that early, rosy dawn, when his father stood with him at the cross-roads of life—the right leading over sunny pathways into a quiet, distant land resplendent with golden harvests and white-winged angels; but the left road led down to the slums of vice, far away to a black cavern of dripping poisons and twisting adders.

Alas! the vipers hung around his breast! the poison-drops were upon his tongue! He knew where he was.

His brain reeling, and while unutterable terror filled his bosom, he cried unto Heaven:

"Give me, oh! give me youth again! Oh! father, place me again at the cross-roads of life that I may choose another path!"

But his father, like his own youth, was of the Long Ago.

He saw over the black morass a will-o'-wisp glittering hither and thither; then it disappeared in a damp churchyard.

"How like! how like my days of folly!" he cried.

He saw a star shoot from the heavens, and, shimmering in its fall, vanish in the darkness of earth.

"Like myself!" he groaned from a torn heart. And the serpent's tooth of remorse dug down deeper. His fiery fancy pointed to him the creeping night-wanderers on the roof; and the spectral wind-mill raised its menacing arms. Then one shape remaining in the ghastly charnel-house of repentance and remorse, gradually grew into his own image.

In the midst of his anguish, suddenly the music of the New Year's night floated upon the air; and it was the silver chiming of belfry bells. His soul was stirred within him; he gazed around the murky horizon, and over the spreading earth. The memory of the friends of his youth came to him; they were now honored teachers in the world, and the glad fathers of children. Again he wailed out:

"Alas! like you, I, too, on this New Year's night, could have slumbered with tearless eyes, if I had only chosen aright! Alas! my fond parents, I, too, could be happy had I but heeded your warnings and wishes of the New Year's Eve!"

Then before his feverish memory the heydey of his youth arose—even as in the bleak charnel-house the specter had taken his own image. * * * He could look no longer; he veiled his eyes and agonized by his sorrow a thousand hot tears streamed down his furrowed face. Comfortless and in abject misery he could only murmur:

"Oh! youth, come again! Come again!"

And it came again; for it was but a horrible vision of sleep which had passed before him on this cold New Year's Night. He was still in the heydey of his youth, and he thanked Heaven that, still young and treading the frail paths of vice, he had time to turn away to the sun-lit avenue which led to the land of harvests and happiness.

Young reader, turn you with him, if you stand in the path of sin. Be warned by this dream, for the time may arrive when you, too, may cry: "Come, oh! come again, sweet time of youth!"

And it will not come.

A Day for Candy-Makers.

There is a street in Paris to which New Year's day is a whole year's fortune. This is the Rue des Lombards, where the wholesale confectioners reside. For days preceding January 1 this street is blocked with wagons loaded with sweetmeats ready for shipment. There are all forms and descriptions made of sugar and hollow to hold bonbons. It is said that for sweetmeats alone $100,000 is spent annually on this day in Paris. Jewelry is also sold in great quantities, for no Frenchman calls empty handed. The day is filled with exchange of visits and bonbons, and the occasion is one of enjoyment and rejoicings.

A Saxon New Year's Custom.

Many curious customs and associations cluster around New Year's day. The Saxons in "ye olden tyme" used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve, singing a song, to insure a good crop, and bells were rung to announce the death of the old year and usher in the birth of the new. In other parts of England at midnight the house door facing the west was opened to let out the old year, while the door facing the east was opened to welcome the blithe new year.

Celebrate with Bonfires.

Bonfires of mammoth proportions are kindled on New Year's eve in Persia—New Year's is March 21—and people dance about them. This holiday is the most important of the year and feasting lasts for ten days; every one appears in new clothes.

THE OLD YEAR

CALLING open wide the door!
A guest goes forth to-night,
Returning nevermore,
Yet not forgotten quite.
He brought us much of good
Which we mistook for ill
Because misunderstood
God's purposes and will.

So with no unkind thought
We see the Old Year go,
Content with what it brought
Of whether weal or woe.
We could not if we would
Detain these flying years,
We would not if we could
Exchange for joys their tears.

God knoweth all our needs
Far better than we do,
Our thoughts, intents and deeds
Lie open to His view.
The record of the past
Has many a blotted page,
With markings overcast
That darker lines presage.

The record, closed and sealed,
Awaits us till that day
When it shall be revealed
In all its dread array.
Lord, help us read aright
The lessons of the years,
To see light in Thy light
Through all our doubts and fears.
—William G. Haeselbarth, in Christian Work.

DOROTHY HUNTER'S CALLER.

BY CANDICE ADELE BRAMBLE

IT WAS early morning of the Saturday before New Year's day and Dorothy Hunter was washing the breakfast dishes at the sink in the farmhouse kitchen, when her mother came hurriedly in from the sitting-room, with a flushed, anxious face.

"Oh, Dorothy, dear," she said, "do you think you could stay alone and take care of baby all day and, perhaps, all night? Deacon Parsons just stopped to tell us that Aunt Kate has fallen and broken her arm, and she wants us to come over as quickly as possible."

"Why, yes, of course I can," Dorothy replied promptly. "You hurry right along and get ready; I'll heat the soapstone and help you get started, and after you're gone I'll finish the work."

"I hate to leave you, daughter. It will be a lonely day for you, and, though we shall try to come, of course, it may be just possible that we cannot get home to-night; it is nine miles to Dunbar, you know, and I'm afraid there is a storm coming on. You are sure you are not afraid, Dorothy?"

"Afraid? Why, of course not. You forget that I was 14 last month, and what in the world should I be afraid of, anyway?" and Dorothy laughed at the thought.

A few moments later she stood at the window with two-year-old Nellie, the baby of the family, in her arms, and watched her father and mother drive away down the snow-drifted road. She smiled brightly as long as they remained in sight, but when a turn in the road hid the sleigh she felt just a bit lonely after all, and it was not surprising that she did. There were no other houses within sight, their nearest neighbor lived a mile away, and, standing as it did upon a seldom-traveled road, the Hunter homestead was a dreary place.

However, Dorothy did not spend much time meditating. She paused just long enough at the window to note the few, big, slow-falling flakes, advance messengers of the coming storm, and then went about the belated household tasks. So much was there to be done that not until the old clock upon the mantel twanged the hour of three, did Dorothy pause for more than the short rest which she took while eating her simple dinner; then, with Nellie in her arms, she sank gratefully into the old-fashioned rocker by the sitting-room window, and as she glanced out was surprised to see how fast and furious the storm had grown. The snow was falling so heavily that she could not even see the barnyard fence, and she remembered with a sigh of relief that her father had said the chores were all done, so that the stock would need no further attention until morning if he should not return that night.

As she sat and hummed a drowsy little tune to the baby, Dorothy thought she heard the gate latch click, and a moment later some one knocked loudly at the door. She hastily laid Nellie in her crib and went to open it, and there, to her surprise, stood a great, bearded, rough-looking stranger. A tramp! thought the girl in dismay that was not lessened by the man's request, made in a hoarse voice, to be allowed to come in and get warm before going farther in the storm. Dorothy had been taught that hospitality is a most gracious virtue, so she assented to the stranger's plea, and drew a chair for him close to the roaring fire.

"Isn't this the Hunter farm?" inquired the unwelcome guest, after a moment or two, as he spread out his brown hands to the grateful blaze.

"Yes, sir. That is my father's name," replied Dorothy quietly, resuming her seat by the window.

"Where is he? The folks haven't all gone away and left you alone, have they?"

For a moment Dorothy hesitated, and then she told him the story of her aunt's misfortune and how her parents had gone to render her whatever assistance they could. For a long time then the silence was unbroken, and Dorothy began to think it high time that her guest was taking his departure, when he suddenly said: "You couldn't make up your mind to let me stop for the night, could you, sis? I've come a long ways to-day and am tired enough. I'd be right glad if you could let me stay."

"O, no, I couldn't do it! I am sure father and mother would not wish me to. You must go on, and don't you think it is time you started? It is getting dark, you see," and Dorothy half rose from her chair in her eagerness to urge the departure of this man, of whom she was growing more than half afraid.

"HERE, TAKE THIS," SHE SAID.

"Well, I suppose it is time to start if I've got to go," and the stranger rose wearily and buttoned his worn coat tight up to his chin, to keep out the freezing blast of the storm. "How far is it to Dutton?" he added, turning again to Dorothy.

"Two miles. It's a good ways to walk when you are so tired. I do wish father and mother were home so you could stay here," and then she asked softly, as though she were almost ashamed: "Have you any money to pay for your lodging when you get to Dutton?"

"It's a shame to have to tell it, Miss but—" the stranger began, and then he coughed and stammered, in embarrassment, and the sympathetic girl hastened to his relief.

"Oh, yes, I know!" in a pitying tone. "You must have had bad luck," and then she went to a drawer in the bureau and took out a shabby, little pocketbook in which were two coins, a silver dime and a half dollar.

"Here, take this," she said, laying the larger piece into his hand. "I have more and shall not need it; it will pay for a bed and breakfast for you, poor man."

The stranger took the money and a moment later was swallowed up in the storm, and Dorothy was left again alone. At nine o'clock that night, when she had long since given them up and gone to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter reached home, tired and chilled from their long ride. Dorothy thought it might frighten her mother to be told of her visitor, and so decided to say nothing about him for that night at least, and contented herself with telling that she and the baby had been very comfortable.

The next Monday night, which was New Year's eve, as Dorothy came in rosy and smiling from her mile and a half walk from school, she was astonished to find her tramp visitor in the sitting-room, with baby Nellie perched comfortably upon his knee.

"What does it mean?" she asked turning from the stranger's laughing face to her mother.

"It means," replied the deep voice that Dorothy remembered so well "that I am your Uncle Harry, just back from the Klondike with a pocket lined with gold, and willing and anxious to divide with the generous little girl who would give almost her only cent to a poor, miserable tramp."

And then he told how he had hastened straight to his sister's home, upon his arrival from the far north, and finding her away, and being obliged to go to a town 20 miles distant, upon a business matter, had decided to keep the secret until his return.

"And I'll always be glad that I did," he said, holding out his hand to Dorothy, "because, by this means, I found out what a dear, kind-hearted little girl I have for a niece."

Dorothy has grown very well acquainted with Uncle Harry since that stormy Saturday, and many delightful things have come to her through his kindness; and she wonders now how she could ever have thought his voice rough and harsh, or ever have taken her splendid, big-hearted uncle for a tramp.—Detroit Free Press.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

We Look at the Future Through a Reflection of Our Own Souls.

"Happy New Year," "Happy New Year!" rings from merry voices and chiming bells everywhere, startling the echoes in response, "Happy New Year!" Whoever knew of a note of gladness, says the Union Signal, that did not go reverberating through all space, and repeating itself on the harp strings of every human life it touched?

"But who knows it will be a happy new year?" asks the would-be-wise, quizzically. "Who expects it?" growls the cynic. "Who hopes for it?" sneers the man whom life has defeated. "It cannot be happy," say the sorrowful, and the world is full of the sorrowful. "It will not be happy," say the soured and embittered, and the world is full of the disappointed. "It could not be happy, with all the misery and poverty in it," says the pessimist. "It shall not be happy," says the enthusiast, "until it is rid of its sin and selfishness." "Happiness," says the philosopher, "is not the object of life, but usefulness."

"Such a happy new year!" says the young mother, clasping her winsome, dimpled darling to her heart; and "It shall be a happy new year," says the Christian optimist, standing with bared head in the halo of light that comes streaming down the vistas of the future, seeing far into the circles, "When light shall spread and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year."

Would you be a cynic or a philosopher? The sorrowing and disappointed who are without hope, or the sorrowing who feels that "tears are for the night, and joy cometh in the morning?" Would you be a pessimist, seeing only the mists, or an optimist, looking beyond the narrowed horizon of to-day? Would you see fate in the world, blind, inexorable and hard, or God in the world working out the destiny of human souls? The new year is a new outlook. You look at it through the reflection of your own soul. If you have made it broad, and deep, and shining in the light of God's face, it will shine on. If it is troubled and turbid it will only give a flash here and there on its surface.

* * * * * * *

We know that sorrow and disappointment must come. The travail of pain is the birth of righteousness always. We know that temptation will assail virtue, that we must struggle with intemperance to the bitter end; we know that the strong will oppress the weak as long as they can and dare, but we know also that the process of education is, if slow, absolutely sure, and that in great crises, public opinion sometimes turns with the force of a whirlwind and sweeps away every barrier. The most potent forces of the universe are the silent ones; the voice of God is the still small voice; truth is universal, and we are teaching men and women, and better yet, children to see it.

We know not how the better time is coming, nor when, but we know why, and so we echo "Happy New Year!" and look forward joyously to the day when

All men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year,
And feeling sure
That unto him who works and feels he works
The same grand year is ever at the doors."

HE MADE ONLY ONE.

Mr. Goodheart—Are you going to make any good resolutions?

Mr. Heartgood—Just one, and you may gamble that I'll keep it.

Goodheart—Oh, that's what they all say.

Heartgood—Yes; but mine is that I'll never make another one.

Between The Old Year And the New

ALONE—alone at the midnight hour sitting, my soul and I,
Harking sound of the wind's complaint, listing the time go by,
Fronting each to the other's thought, with the moon's face, sweet and thin,
A-watch at the space of the window place, waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

Heavy my soul with grief and pain—heavy, and bowed with tears,
Worn with the weight of Sorrow's hand, not with the weight of years;
And 'twixt us many a thing of woe, many a thought of sin,
While the moon outside, like a pure-eyed bride, was waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

My soul it spoke in the stilly dark—spoke, and I shrank and heard,
The chords of my being pulsed and leaped, affrighted like captive bird;
I heard, and I knew that such words were true—while the new moon, sweet and thin,
With sad surprise in her tender eyes was waiting the year begin—
Waiting us usher the Old Year out and welcome the New Year in.

And I plead with my soul: "Judge not—judge not!" and I prayed: "New Year, bring grace."
I fell on my knees in the hush and dark—I wept and hid my face;
For out of the finite bounds of Time, from the realms of "the might have been,"
To sepulcher of the infinite past bearing mistakes and sin,
The Old Year stole as the church bells chimed—and the New Year entered in.
—Mary Clarke Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.

ANNIE'S CURLS.

A NEW YEAR STORY

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

OH, if my darling could only have the wine! How hard it is to be so poor, so poor."

Annie heard her mother's words, although they were not intended for her to hear. She saw her brush away the tears from her eyes and then go back to Teddy's room.

"What did the doctor say, mother?" asked Teddy, in a weak voice; "did he say I will get well?"

Annie heard the reply: "He says that the fever is broken, and that all you have to do now is to get well."

Teddy's voice trembled as he replied: "Oh, mother, I was afraid he would say I might die, and I wondered who would take care of you and little Annie. I am glad God is going to let me live to do it. Now I must begin to get strong! Can't you give me lots to eat?"

Annie saw her mother's lips quiver as she turned her face from Teddy.

"Yes, my son, but not too much at once, you know," she said.

Teddy looked very thoughtful.

"But is there anything in the house, mother? I have been sick a good while, and my last wages must be nearly gone, and you haven't had time to color many photos lately, have you?"

The boy's mother answered, bravely: "Sick folks mustn't bother about these things, you know." Then she left the room, and Annie saw that she did so to hide the tears which were streaming down her worn face.

"I must do something; I wonder what it will be?" murmured Annie to herself, and, crushing her hat down over her curls, she slipped into the street.

Annie thought constantly of wine for poor Teddy, and wondered if she summoned courage to beg a bottle whether anyone would be kind enough to give it to her for a poor sick boy, her only brother. She knew that sometimes grocers kept wine, especially around holiday time, and felt sure if they only knew how very, very much it was needed at home by her poor sick Teddy that some one of them would surely give her a bottle. Then there were other places where they sold nothing but wine and such stuff, for she had seen big windows full of the bottles, with pictures of great bunches of beautiful grapes standing behind them.

Annie wasn't a bold, forward child; she was timid, but brave and resolute; her love for her brother, at least, made her brave for the time; so she resolved in her heart to beg for the wine which the doctor said would bring back strength to Teddy. Christmas had come and gone, but Teddy was so ill with the fever that Annie thought nothing about the absence of the gifts usual to that happy day; but now Teddy was to grow better, and she did long to be able to make his New Year's and her mother's brighter than Christmas had been. As she wandered down the streets revolving these thoughts in her mind and wondering how she might get the necessary wine she passed many a gay scene.

Early evening had closed down on the city, and all the shops were aflame with light and brightness. Annie gazed wistfully at the pretty things in the great windows; she was but a little maid, and could not help wishing for pretty things for herself and for her mother and Teddy.

But the wine—she must not linger; she would only look in one more shop and then—then she would seek the great shop where wine was sold in bottles; surely the big, rosy-faced man whom she had often noticed standing in the doorway of his shop would listen to her story of poor Teddy and give her the wine.

So she stood before this last store—it was a jewelry store—and, oh, how beautiful the jewels looked—sapphires and rubies and diamonds—how they glittered. The sight was enough to fascinate older eyes than Annie's.

Presently something in one corner of the window caught her gaze—it wasn't a jewel, it was a switch of lovely hair; not one, but several, and below them in pretty, shallow, satin-lined boxes, were clusters of curls. A sudden thought came to Annie; she pressed her little hands together and held her breath, then paused a moment to gain courage, and passed resolutely into the great store. A kind-looking man came forward to meet her and said: "What can I do for you, little lady?"

"Do you buy hair?" she asked.

"Sometimes, little one; why do you ask?"

"Will you buy mine? See, I have plenty!" she answered, taking off her hat and shaking her curls down over her shoulders, and looking up with anxious eyes.

"But, my little girl, are your curls yours to sell?"

"Oh, yes, sir; if you only knew why I must sell them, I am sure you would buy them. Teddy is so ill that he needs things, and mother—" and here she choked up so she could say no more.

"And you want to sell your beautiful hair to buy things for your sick brother; is that it, little one?"

"Yes, sir."

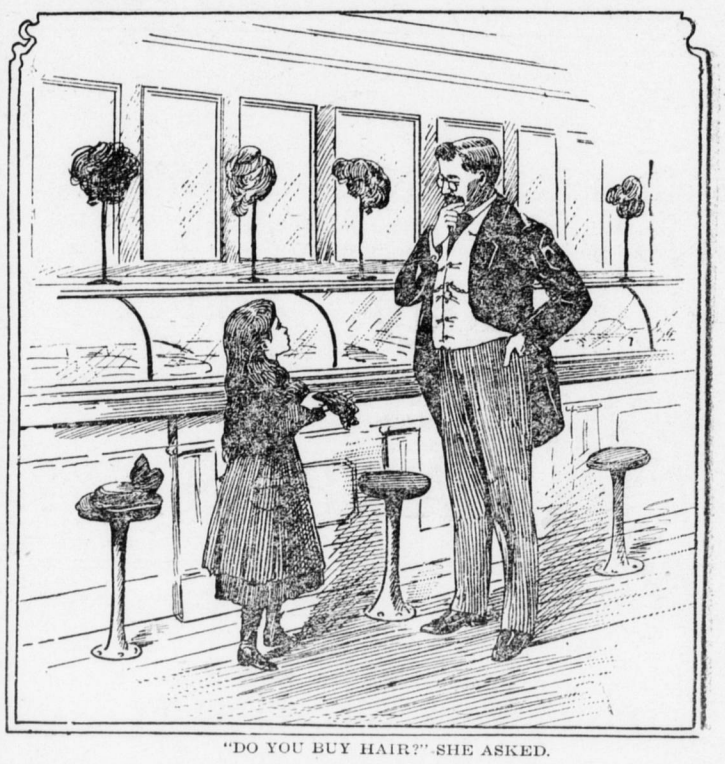
"I wouldn't take it, but—"

"Please don't refuse me, sir; my hair will grow in again; it grows awful fast; see, it is below my waist!"

"It is beautiful, a very rare color, and so curly," said the man, stroking the rippling mass of shining hair.

"Mother's is just like mine, only it is a little fady here and there. You will take my hair, won't you? Please do; it will surely grow again, and my brother needs things so very, very much; the doctor says so!"

The man led her into a back room



"DO YOU BUY HAIR?" SHE ASKED.

and himself cut the glossy locks, laying each curl carefully down. Then he called a man who wore a white apron and gave the little shorn head into his charge.

"I believe that you are prettier than before," the kind man said, when the hairdresser had finished. Then he laid a little roll of bills in the child's hand and bade her be careful not to lose it on her way home.

Annie hurried home. When she arrived mother was reading to Teddy, and Annie crept in like a little mouse. She removed her hat carefully, so as not to spoil the hairdresser's work, then dropped the bills in her mother's lap, with a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, mamma!"

"Oh!" screamed Teddy.

"Oh!" screamed mother, as they both saw and knew all.

"How came you to think of it, my poor baby?" asked the mother.

"It's for wine—wine is better than curls any day," answered Annie; then, turning to Teddy, she hugged him in joy and said, softly: "Get well, Teddy, and pay me back some day!"

Then she told how it all happened, and how she was going in a couple of days to see her curls in their pretty satin-lined case. After they had both kissed her and thanked her over and over again she crept away.

"I'm glad I did it; but how lonesome my pretty curls will be!" said the child.

But the curls were not at all lonesome. The kind man was looking at them when one of the boys showed a gentleman in. The visitor was a big man and he had gentle eyes, though his face was somewhat rough to look at

"I'm quite out of heart, Alfred; I can get no clew; but what's that you have there? Pretty, aren't they?"

"Yes, beautiful!"

Then the kind man told all about the little girl who sold the curls to him, so she could have money to buy things for the sick brother.

"Alfred, this hair is just the color of Ellie's; could it be? Could it be Ellie's child's hair?"

"She's coming here day after to-morrow to see her curls in their satin-lined box; then if you will be here you can find out who she is," answered the jeweler.

Sure enough, Annie came to see her curls as they looked ready for sale; she wanted to see the box. While she was admiring it and telling about Teddy, and how the wine was doing him good, the stranger with the gentle eyes arrived. He talked to the little girl for awhile, then surprised the jeweler and little Annie by bursting into tears.

"They've told you about Uncle Luke, haven't they?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, often," replied Annie. "He is in Australia, where the bark falls off the trees and the leaves stay on, and where the birds have no wings, and everything is so queer!"

"But what if he came home?"

"Oh, he won't," she said; "mother has lost him completely."

"But he has come home. I am he."

Then there was what Annie called "a time."

That was how it happened that just as the doctor was praising Teddy's patience, and saying how the wine had helped him, there was a great flutter in the hall, and Annie bounced in, dragging a big man with kind eyes in a rough face by the hand.

"My curls found him. It is Uncle Luke, mother, and he has money enough to buy my curls back two or three times. I know, because he said so."

And then there was much more of "a time." And the doctor held Teddy's hand while Uncle Luke told about his long search for his sister, and mother explained about father's death and her removal to the city, and how she lost Uncle Luke's address and could not get a letter to reach him. Then they talked about Annie's curls, and the doctor blew his nose furiously and dug at his eyes, and Annie heard him say:

"Old idiot that I am! I guess I'll try to see about a way of getting wine when I prescribe it again for a boy whose mother has that frightened look in her eyes."

Annie tucked her little shorn head under the doctor's arm and whispered: "But you see how it was best, don't you? My curls found so much for us—they brought us an uncle. Just look at mother; don't she look happy? Isn't a good uncle the best New Year's present in all this world?"

Wine is a good medicine when one needs it, and Teddy improved rapidly—so rapidly that he was almost ready to try the new sled that Uncle Luke brought home to him on New Year's eve. As for Teddy's mother, the roses began to tint her cheeks again, and Annie was sure she was the prettiest and best mother in all the world.—Ladies' World, New York.

A Good Resolution.

One of the best New Year's resolutions we have heard of anybody making is this: "Not to speak of mistakes which make no difference." How often the harmony of the home is destroyed by the persistent member of the household who will argue half an hour over the merest trifle. If one holds an erroneous opinion on a subject of any importance it should by all means be corrected. But what possible difference does it make whether Aunt Jane came to dinner on Tuesday or Wednesday? Yet we have listened to heated disputes that cast an ugly shadow over on entire meal, or spoiled an evening's enjoyment, upon subjects of no more moment than the time of a visit or the state of last week's weather. In dealing with children accuracy of statement should be carefully cultivated, lest a habit of exaggeration or untruthfulness be developed. But for adults the foregoing resolution is worthy of general adoption.—Helpful Thoughts.

THE "PHONE" WAS THE CAUSE OF IT

"Not for me!" I wouldn't swear off;
"Good resolutions"—I have no desire;
For it would be folly for any sane man
As long as he uses the wire.

I am Back Boys and Girls

And shall stay with our mutual friends, H. A. ZARPS & CO., Emporium, at the FAIR STORE.

SANTA CLAUS.

Never in all my visits to Cameron county have I been loaded with nicer things for the good people of this county than I have left with my friend ZARPS. I want all the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters to just step in and see what

A WONDERLAND ZARPS' PRESENTS ARE.

No establishment in this section of the state can produce a larger, more varied stock and a more beautiful line of

Holiday Goods.

Never has this or any other store in this section of the state exhibited such an immense line of everything beautiful, useful and ornamental, in China, Glass, Leather, Celluloid and Wood. Toys and Fancy Goods until you can't rest.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

Balcom & Lloyd.

Prepared For the Season

We have opened and are displaying a choice line of . .

FANCY DRY GOODS

specially selected for the . .

Winter Season.

We have gathered such articles as combine elegance with utility and at

Very Reasonable ~ Prices ~

Balcom & Lloyd.

ISOLATION OF ACTORS.

Conditions Which Make the Profession a World by Itself.

This condition, which from some important points of view is fortunate, from others unfortunate and from nearly all inevitable, is unique indeed. Here we have the only large class of workers which keeps the world at arm's length. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, architects, merchants, tradesmen and laborers of all sorts, by the very terms of their toil are brought into constant personal contact with parishioners, patients, clients or customers. Even painters and sculptors must needs be in touch with their patrons.

But that thin, impassable row of blazing lamps which rims the front of the stage accomplishes what the great wall of China was built to accomplish. Behind them is the sole "profession," in front of them the barbarous laity. If the player desired to break down the partition, he would scarcely be able to do so.

From the more important social gatherings which take place in the evening both actress and actor are necessarily absent. The actor may vote if he can acquire a residence and contrive to be in his own city on election day, but it is impossible that he should take any active part in politics or participate in preliminary meetings, caucuses and rallies which are held at night, and as to attendance at church, the player encounters, in the first place, the difficulty, inseparable from his wandering life, of making a connection with a parish and, besides, in recent years, is almost constantly required to travel on Sunday, passing from a Saturday evening's performance in one town to a Monday morning's rehearsal in another.—Atlantic Monthly.

BEAVER TAIL SOUP.

A Michigan Lumber Camp Delicacy That Amazed a Marylander.

"Although I am a Marylander and an Eastern Shore one at that," said an epicure from that state, "and consequently know what good things to eat are, I want to tell you that I'll have to take off my hat to the lumber camp cook of the upper Michigan peninsula as the discoverer, fabricator and dispenser of a dish that knocks the Eastern Shore cuisine silly. And that rare lumber camp dish is beaver tail soup.

"I was with Colonel Park of Columbus, O., deer hunting in the Rainy lake region of Michigan one fall. We lived at a lumber camp boarding shanty.

"There were signs of beaver at the upper end of the lake, and a trapper succeeded in trapping one of the wily dam builders.

"When the beaver was brought into camp, the camp cook went nearly wild, and so did the lumbermen when they heard the news, all because they had been trying to trap a beaver for weeks, not for its fur, but for its tail, as they were pining, they said, for beaver tail soup.

"The cook took that broad appendage of the beaver, mailed like an armadillo, took from it the underlying bone and meat, and from it made such a soup as never came from any other stock at the beck of the most expert and scientific chef that ever put a kettle on.

"We could do the same thing and perhaps better on the Eastern Shore, but we lack one thing. We haven't got the beavers to yield us their tails."—New York Sun.

Providing For a Wayward Son.

Lord Chesterfield gave advice to his son in sundry letters, which might or might not be followed, but in his will he took good care that "my godson, Philip Stanhope," should have strong inducement to follow his advice on at least one point. All the bequests are subject to the condition that if Philip should keep race horses or hounds or stay one night at Newmarket, "that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill manners," during the course of the races there, or should lose on any one day by betting or gaming as much as £500, then in such case he shall forfeit £5,000 to the dean and chapter of Westminster for every such offense.—All the Year Round.

Know Your Own Capacity.

If the people about you are carrying on their business or their benevolence at a pace which draws the life out of you, resolutely take a slower pace; be called a laggard, make less money, accomplish less work than they, but be what you are meant to be and can be. You have your natural limit of power as much as an engine—ten horsepower or twenty or a hundred. You are fit to do certain kinds of work, and you need a certain kind and amount of fuel and a certain kind of handling.—George S. Merriam.

Cleaning Jewels.

With the exception of pearls jewels may be washed with warm water and pure soap. They should then be put in boxwood sawdust to dry. If this is done, polishing will be unnecessary. As boxwood sawdust is very fine, it will not scratch, and as it absorbs moisture rapidly it helps to give jewels a high polish. It can be procured from any dealer in jeweler's supplies or ordered through a jeweler.

Those Foolish Questions!

Benevolent Old Lady—How old are you, sir?

The Youngster—Thirty-five.

Benevolent Old Lady—Bachelor?

The Youngster—Alas, yes.

Benevolent Old Lady—Ah, too bad. How long?—New York Times.

Their Little Spat.

Boggs—I hear you have fallen out with your sweetheart.

Joggs—Yes. She got an idea into her head that I was angry at her, and it made me angry to have her think I was unreasonable enough to get angry at her.—Chicago News.

XMAS CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Merry Times For the Little Folks of the Household.

Christmas is the children's own season. The youngster who goes through childhood without having stored up the memory of many whole souled Christmas frolics is being robbed—a robbery of the worst character. Not only the great day itself, but the entire holiday week should be remembered in the mind of the small person for its "jolly good times."

But, apparently, in the whole range of entertaining there is nothing so difficult to "give" successfully as a simple party for children. This comes about because a little sensible thought is not brought to bear upon the subject beforehand.

The keynote of catering for children should be extreme simplicity, says What to Eat.

Do you remember that rabid little joke which accompanies one of Du Maurier's society drawings? "Papa, dear," says tender hearted mamma, who can't bear to see the tots disappointed, "the children have been invited to a party at the Johnsons' on the 10th, to one at Thomsons' on the 14th and at the Simpsons' on the 20th. May I write and accept for them, papa?"

"Oh, I suppose so," growls the pater savagely, "and while you're about it, suppose you drop in at Dr. Brown's and tell him to stop here on the 11th, the 15th and the 21st."

Plain, wholesome food, of which the youngsters can eat plenty without injuring their health should be provided in satisfying quantities. Serve everyday viands, but serve them in such a way that they will appear to be of most unusual varieties.

For example, plain bread and butter cut in the usual way the youngster who goes a-partying would scorn; but cut the bread into fancy shapes—diamonds, hearts, triangles—with a cake cutter; form it into sandwiches, tied with bebe ribbon—such sandwiches will be considered delectable feasting.

Don't serve tea or coffee. Pure milk, chocolate not too rich and lemonade are the more sensible beverages.

For a buffet refreshment serve cold sliced meat, preferably lamb, beef or chicken; bread and butter sandwiches, with perhaps a little good marmalade spread between well baked rolls, hot bouillon, pure ice cream with homemade cake, fruit and simple bonbons. If the feast is to be a "sit down" affair, have something on the following order: Clear beef soup with croutons, chicken with cranberry sauce and one or two of the vegetables in season, or chops with peas or spinach and baked potatoes, a simple pudding, ice cream and cake, with fruit.

But whatever the plan of the festivity may be let a number of merry little catches be introduced. Children love mysterics and surprises. Provide plenty of the german favors which contain paper caps, etc. Have a bag suspended from the ceiling which, when struck with a cane, bursts, showering sugared almonds and other good things.

In the center of the table on which the feast is spread have a miniature Christmas tree arranged to stand upright in a green basket or box. This tree is resplendent with tinsel paper, and from its branches dangles an inexpensive gift for every child of the number.

Around the tree, upon the cloth, may extend a wreath of red carnations. After the meal this wreath is discovered to be composed of boutonnieres—as many as there are children in the gathering. Each child receives his gift by drawing the red ribbon which lies nearest his hand.

If it is desired to make the children's Christmas party a fancy dress affair, the Yuletide season may be cleverly suggested by a "Meeting of the Toys." This is a version of the costume ball. It is newer than the Mother Goose or fairy book ideas, which are by this time pretty well worn out.

To the invitations issued for an affair of this kind a note is added, requesting each invitee to come costumed as a toy. Little girls are invited to come, if they prefer to do so, representing their favorite dolls. And when the great day arrives, what a motley gathering! Dogs, wolves, bears, monkeys, elephants, horses, goats, sheep, donkeys, and so on—mechanical figures, too—jumping jacks, woolly Sambos, acrobats, gymnasts, organ grinders.

No merrier plan for a Christmas carnival could be invented.—Buffalo Express.

Christmas Superstitions.

To be born on Christmas day is, according to an old superstition, to be lucky all one's life.

The great event of the Christmas dinner 400 or 500 years ago was the entry of the chief cook bearing the boar's head, garnished with rosemary.

In Cornwall Christmas eve is a special holiday with children, who are allowed to sit up till midnight and drink to the "Mock"—as the Yule log is called there.

The Twelfth cake was formerly made full of plums and with a bean and a pea. Whoever got the former was king and whoever found the latter was queen of the ceremonies.—New York Herald.

Kindles Holy Fires.

My sentiment is that the Christmas is, of all our festivities, the one most thoroughly interwoven with the home and family. It is the day which kindles in midwinter the holy fires of love and gratitude—Robert Collyer.

Welcome Every One.

On Christmas day we shall shut out from our fireside nothing.—Charles Dickens.

A Christmas Lay.

[With asides.]

'Tis now the joyous Christmas time;
The panes are etched with pens of rime.
(Alas, that one so young as I
Should lend myself to such a lie!
Alas, that truth should be defied
When both the windows at my side,
Though screened by wire, are open wide.)

The air is rent by sleet and hail;
The snow is deep on hill and dale.
('Tis hard to think that this is true
When grass is green and skies are blue,
But think it true a poet must,
Though every wanton, wayward gust
Incrus[illegible] his table's coat of dust.)

The yawning grate with flame's aglow;
The walls are green with mistletoe.
(And yet upon the street without
I hear the melon huckster's shout,
And as I toil to earn a check
My collar stiff becomes a wreck,
And beads of sweat run down my neck.)

The singing wires are harped, I ween,
By frosty fingers all unseen.
(Another fib for which I'm paid—
In fact, it's ninety in the shade;
But art demands the early bird,
And Christmas lays can't be deferred;
I'm laying this on August third!)

—Truth.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Grand Opening Display

OF

HOLIDAY GOODS

To-day we make our first display of holiday goods.

The basement is a grand bazaar of all kinds of fancy goods, toys, dolls, games and everything suggestive of the approaching holiday season. Inspection invited.

FURS, JACKETS and SUITS

Electric seal jackets, $25.00 to $65.00.

Seal jackets in latest styles, $32.50 and $35.00 each.

All the best styles in neckwear of the choicest furs, $1.00 to $75.00 each.

Long coats, ulsters, English jackets, etc., from the best makers $10.00 to $75.00.

Elegant fashions in long coats, automobiles and blouses $25.00 to $125.00 each.

Ladies' tailor made suits, for street dress and traveling $10.00 to $85.00 each.

Special bargain values in $15.00 and $25.00 suits.

Dress skirts in great variety--in cloth, $4.50 to $28.00; in silk, $10.00 to $50.00.

Walking skirts $4.50 to $15.00.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

The American Block.

CHRISTMAS ON A... RANCH

By Theodore Roosevelt

How the Rough Rider, Before He Became President, Restocked His Larder For a Yuletide Feast and Went Home Cold and Wet.

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagon load of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few cans of tinned goods to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence, in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost and grasshoppers, and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddle band from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me with a touch as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses and were off.

The air was bitterly chill. The cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. It had already frozen once and then again thawed. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranchhouse stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sagebrush. A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bullberry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs. The sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path, and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bobcat, as plainsmen term the small lynx, had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened and it became light enough to see objects some little way off we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer which lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning white tails and that in such a place they could only be hunted by the aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart shaped footmarks in the snow which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed we would find them over the ridge, where

THE DEER WAS DRESSED AND HUNG UP BY THE HIND LEGS.

there was a brush coulee. Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black tail doe as she turned to look at us, her great, mulelike ears thrown forward.

The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault down the hill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions. We both laughed and called out "Dinner!" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered and then raced down on the astonished heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstrung her with a snap of his viselike jaws, and once down she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and before an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and leave patches of bare ground

I CAUGHT THE GLINT OF A BUCK'S HORNS.

on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring, not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draft of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind beaten cedars. As we peered over the edge my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and, though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle and then rode back by the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river, we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw, and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.—Philadelphia Times.

London's Christmas Pudding.

Many grave and reverend persons can recall the excitement of that moment when they were invited into the kitchen to stir the Christmas pudding, and though the day for them is passed when stirring and even eating the pudding brings any delight they may be interested to learn from The Master Baker that if all the puddings made in England in honor of Christmas were rolled into one the total weight would be 7,589 tons. It should encourage poultry farmers to learn that in the making of this monster no fewer than 32,000,000 eggs are used.

That Was His Idea.

"Look here, Mr. Hojack," said Mrs. Hojack, "I'd like to know why you asked me what I wanted for a Christmas present if you intended to get something entirely different?"

"I wanted to surprise you, dear," was Hojack's unsatisfactory reply.

Merry Christmas!

Many hundred years ago,
Where Judæan rivers flow,
Early, e'er the morning light
Made the eastern hilltops bright,
Rose a star whose radiance mild
Shone upon a little child.
Resting in a lowly manger
Wise men found the little stranger.
Yonder by the star's soft light
Shepherds watched their flocks by night.

Chatting there upon the ground,
Lo, they hear a wondrous sound!
High in air and coming near,
Angel voices sweet and clear,
Rang the glad song from the sky,
"Glory be to God on high,
In the earth good will abound,
Peace and joy be ever found!"
Sing we now as they sang then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
This is why the joy bells ring;
This is why the children sing.
Merry Christmas, one and all!
Merry Christmas, great and small!
As the angels from above
Sang of our Redeemer's love,
So on all glad Christmas days
We will sing the Saviour's praise!

—Boston Herald.

SECOND

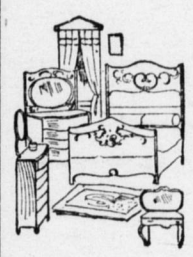
ANNIVERSARY.

TWO years ago we opened our store to the public. Our stock was entirely new and up-to-date. The People quickly saw the sudden drop in prices and of course, patronized us liberally. The result is, that we have been forced to build a large ware-house to hold a reserve stock for this sale. We thank you for your generous patronage and hope to merit your future favors, and to show our appreciation of same, we are going to make this ANNIVERSARY SALE long remembered in Cameron county. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

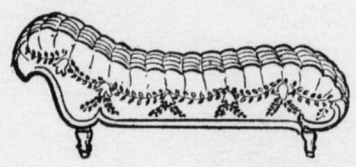
We will now quote you prices that will certainly surprise and please you:

IT IS CONCEDED WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR SUITES,

SIDEBOARDS AND ODD DRESSERS. WE MANUFACTURE THEM.



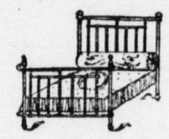
GOLDEN OAK BED ROOM SUITE, 24 x 30 BEVEL GLASS. **$18.00.**



BEAUTIFUL COUCHES LIKE CUT, Six Rows Deep Tufting, **$10.00.**

BARGAINS Lik Cut at **$9.00.**

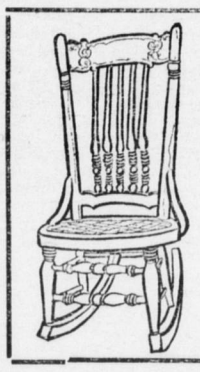
Very Fine Side Board, 14 x 24 Bevel Glass, Top Drawers Double Swell, **$7.00.**



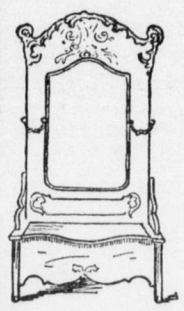
STEEL Beds, Brass top rail Like cut, **$4.50.**

IRON Beds, Like cut. **$2.50.**

Ladies Desk, Like Cut, **$3.75.**



Solid Oak, like cut, Cane or Cushion, **$1.50.**



Golden Oak Hall Rack. Very Fine. Only **$6.00.**

Quartered Oak Stand Like Cut. **$1.00.**

UNDERTAKING.

RESIDENCE UPSTAIRS. OPEN ALL NIGHT

NEXT TO ODD FELLOWS BLOCK.

THE EMPORIUM FURNITURE COMPANY,

BERNARD EGAN, Manager.

Christmas is Coming

And R. H. Hirsch, at the old and reliable Jewelry Establishment, is ready for you with an entirely new and carefully selected line of

SILVERWARE, THE LATEST

LADIES' AND GENT'S WATCHES.

All the Popular Movements.

FINE BROOCHES AND GOLD NOVELTIES.

Beautiful gold designs in plain and enamel effects. Also set in Diamonds, Pearls, Opals. etc.

LOCKETS, SCARF PINS, LINK BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS.

An endless variety of Fancy articles in Gold and Silver. No finer or better in this section.

☞All goods engraved free, when purchased of us.

R. H. HIRSCH,

JEWELER AND SILVERSMITH.

Christmas Cigars - - -

The gift of a good Cigar, Pipe or Tobacco to a friend or sweet-heart is just the idea for an Xmas present.

Try our **CYCLONE, PAN-AMERICAN, WHEELMEN,** or **VIRGINIA.**

There Are None Better in This Market.

JOHN CRUISE,

Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa.

BUPP'S OLD STAND.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

O! TWELVE" comes throbbing on the midnight air,
A requiem—yes, the dying year is dead;
Its records written, be they foul or fair;
Its mysteries solved and all its riddles read.
The New Year came with swift yet stealthy tread;
No footfall reached the anxious, listening ear
As through the portals he so swiftly sped;
But now his firm, majestic tread we hear.

And so the years go, ever speeding by,
And changes come, more strange than lapse of years.
The past is gone: Why comes the deep-drawn sigh?
Why is the eye bedimmed with unshed tears?
It once was ours; we drank, aye, drained the cup,
Quaffing with eager lips its happiness,
Nor even dreamed so soon we must give up
Those joys that came our daily life to bless.

Shall all the ties be severed that have bound
Friend unto friend, and very soul to soul?
Shall some Lethean waters there be found
That over torn and wounded hearts shall roll,
In deep forgetfulness assuaging pain,
Healing all wounds, and leaving not a scar?
Or shall the ties, the wounds, the scars remain?
Shall pain be there our future bliss to mar?

"The Oracles are dumb;" with bated breath
We silent stand, awaiting some reply;
It comes not, nor can come until kind death
Shall touch our hearts and bid the clouds roll by.
Enough—for when life's fateful strife is o'er,
When earthly joys and pains are laid aside,
When we look back from yonder distant shore
And understand, we shall be satisfied.

—Charles H. Allen, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

GIVEN a semi-blizzard and a somewhat pretentious sod house on a western prairie — pretentious because it contained two rooms instead of one, and each room had two windows of glass—and you have the setting of a rather interesting New Year celebration. Nor was the inside view of this sod house at all disappointing to expectations fired by the sight of those real windows of glass, for there was furniture more than the actual needs of the occupant demanded. To be sure, it was nearly all of home manufacture, but it was evidently the work of one who might have earned a living as a cabinet maker, and some of it was upholstered.

The owner of this house, Jack Walworth by name, sat poring over a cook-book. He was a merry-eyed young fellow of 25, tall, athletic, and in every way good to look at. Although many miles from any human being, so far as he knew, his hands were clean and his hair carefully brushed — two characteristics not very pronounced in the make-up of individuals in that part of the world, for they were nearly all men, and they needed the spur of a woman's approval to give them a proper regard for their personal appearance.

"These are mighty good recipes," murmured Jack, as he slowly turned the leaves of his book, "but they do require such an ocean of stuff! Why don't they write some especially for bachelors on prairie farms—lonely old bachelors who have a hankering for a holiday dinner like mother used to make?"

This was said half whimsically and half sadly, for to-morrow a new year was to begin, and Jack was homesick. There had been a time when he was quite sure that the opening day of this new year would see the beginning of a new life for him—a life in which Nellie Rogers would be the central figure. Jack turned to the fly leaf of his cook-book and reread the words he had written there.

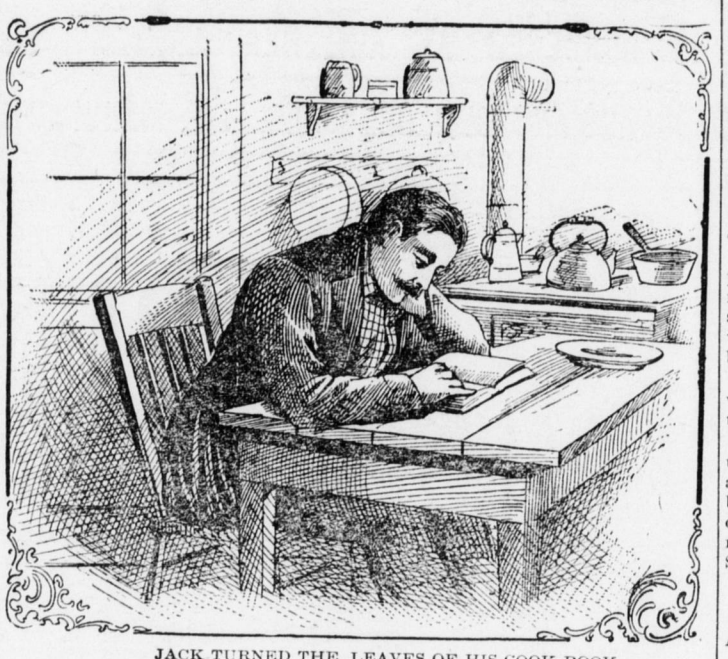
"My first New Year resolution," he proclaimed, in a tone that ought to have frightened away the most persistent attack of the blues, "and I'm bound to live up to it. 'I, Jack Walworth, being of sound mind, etc., have resolved that my life shall not be spoiled by'—Pshaw!" He threw the book on the table almost viciously. There was no fun in acting without an audience, and he must try in some other way to convince himself that he was not so very unhappy after all.

"I moped all day on both Thanksgiving and Christmas," he said, resolutely drawing the cook-book toward him again, "and I'm going to begin the New Year in a manly fashion! I'll stick to my resolution."

Early that morning Jack had decided to cook a grand New Year dinner for himself, and the fine wild goose, shot for that purpose, now hung in the outer room all ready for the oven. But roast goose and baked potatoes, while good in their way, did not seem sufficiently festive to the fastidious Jack, whose New England mother had made a reputation for herself on her holiday dinners. His soul longed for something in the way of "goodies," and that is why he happened to be poring over a cook-book at an hour when he was usually sound asleep in his comfortable bed.

"Mince pie is what I want," he said, "but my cupboard is against it. I've got the meat and vinegar and sugar, but there are no spices, and I'd have to use dried apple, and I'm not sure I know how the crust is made. I wonder if I could use cranberries and dried blackberries instead of raisins and currants? I have half a mind to try it, anyhow."

Suiting the action to the word, Jack donned his oil cloth apron, and was soon at work. There was plenty of meat and dried apples which he had cooked that day, and he was quite sure that he remembered to what degree of minuteness he used to chop such things for his mother.



JACK TURNED THE LEAVES OF HIS COOK-BOOK.

"If Nellie were here now," he thought, regretfully, "she would have had everything ready for our first holiday dinner together, and New Year is such a suitable day upon which to begin married life."

With this thought, the cheerful tune Jack was whistling came to an abrupt close, and an expression of sadness crept into his face; then the chopping bowl was pushed aside, and he buried his face in his hands.

"It is useless," he groaned, "I can never get over it; I cannot be brave. Oh, Nellie, Nellie, I cannot live my life without you, and—I won't!"

Jack had decided to be a farmer without consulting the girl he loved, principally because he had never told her he loved her, and so had no claim upon her. He had believed that a man had no right to propose marriage to a girl until he had a home to offer her, and so he had gone alone into the prairie wilderness and taken up his battle against poverty single-handed. He had been unusually successful, and in three years he had secured the little home in which we find him, and he owed no man a penny. Then he had gone back to the old home, to find Nellie Rogers and ask her to be his wife. He had thought of her so long as mistress of that little sod house on the prairie that he could not believe her answer would be disappointing, and when it came it almost crushed him.

"I do care for you, Jack, but not enough to live on a farm, and in such a wilderness. I want to live in the city. If you loved me, why did you not ask me where I want to live? Should a woman not have a choice in the matter? If you still love me, Jack, why not sell the farm now?"

"It is my home, Nellie. I have worked three years to get it. I could not sell it now for what it is worth to me, and I have nothing else. Do you understand, dear? It is all the home I have to offer you."

It seemed to Jack that such an explanation ought to satisfy any girl, and when Nellie persistently refused to live on a farm, he could only conclude that she did not love him well enough to be his wife. He bade her a formal farewell and went back to his farm, angrily telling himself that the girl was not worth a second thought, and that any self-respecting man could make himself happy without her. That was in November, and Jack had kept himself very busy ever since, in order to forget what he called his folly, and this was the first time he had broken down. But he had built so many air castles about this first day of the new year—the first holiday which he and Nellie would spend in their new home—that it was rather difficult to celebrate the day alone, and as cheerfully as if nothing had happened to disturb his plans.

"If there were any hope that it might be different next year," he moaned; but Nellie's answer had been final. Next year, and all the years to come must be spent without her if he remained on the farm. "And it may be years before I can sell, and even then I must begin at the beginning and make another home. A girl would have to love a man very dearly to wait so long, and if she loved him like that she would go to the home he had provided."

The clock on the pretty little mantel chimed the midnight hour, and Jack raised his head wearily.

"I won't be a coward," he said. "I don't feel, just now, as if I cared much about a swell dinner, but I may have more courage a few hours later, and then I can make that pie."

Then he fixed the fire, and before preparing for bed went to the door and looked out into the night. It is a habit shared by all who live in lonely places, for there is always the feeling that some one may be abroad who needs help.

The snow had ceased falling, and the stars twinkled overhead, but the wind still blew in gusts that kept blinding eddies in the frosty air.

"It is an ugly night," said Jack, "and I pity anyone who is not safely housed. I wonder if—good Lord!"

"Helloa, there! Helloa!" came a man's voice through the whirling snow. "Help! help! help!" The last word ended in a quaver that told of helplessness and exhaustion.

"Whoop-e-e-e-e!" returned Jack, in a voice that rang like a clarion call across the prairie. "Where are you? Sing out again! I'm coming!"

The snow was drifted into fantastically-shaped hills of varying height, but between them the ground lay bare and brown, as it usually did in that locality, when the first heavy snowstorm of the season was accompanied by a strong wind. It was possible to walk around the high drifts with comparative ease, but, on a stormy night, even one acquainted with the country was in danger of losing his way and perishing of exposure.

Jack hung a lighted lantern under the roof of his porch, then sallied forth on his errand of mercy, calling lustily and cheerfully at every step, and soon he was standing beside an old man who was bending over the form of a girl lying limply against a huge snow drift.

"I don't think she is dead," faltered the man, whose teeth were chattering almost too much for speech.

"We'll soon know," replied Jack, lifting the slight form into his arms and leading the way to the cabin. "Let me know if I walk too fast for you."

Jack placed his burden on the bed and pulled the frozen veil from her face, and then fell on his knees beside her.

"Nellie!" he exclaimed. "My God, my God, it is Nellie!"

"And are you Jack Walworth?" asked the man; but Jack did not hear. He had recovered his self-possession and was using all his knowledge to restore Nellie to consciousness, and as he worked he called her all the pretty loverlike names that she had ever heard from his lips—and they were many, for his was an exceedingly affectionate nature. His method of treatment proved most effective, for in a remarkably short period of time Nellie was able to drink the coffee he made for her, and to explain her presence in his home.

"We started out to find you, Jack," she said, "for I had made up my mind to spend New Year with you. This is my Uncle Ben, and he is a minister, and when he saw I was determined to come, of course, he decided to come, too!"

"What else could I do?" murmured the old man, deprecatorily; "Nellie is so headstrong, and so—so very unconventional!"

"And as soon as I can stand, Jack," continued Nellie, paying no attention to the interruption, "he will marry us—that is, if you have no other sweetheart."

"I told her," interrupted Uncle Ben, "that it looked exactly as if she were throwing herself at you."

"And I told him," answered Nellie, with a happy little laugh, "that that was exactly what I meant to do. I said you had once thrown yourself at me, and that this was the only way I could get even."

What Jack said in reply would look very silly on paper, but Nellie liked it, and Uncle Ben pretended not to hear. The good old man was relieved, however, when the lovemaking was interrupted by a shout from outside, accompanied by a vigorous demand for assistance, that sent Jack hurrying out once again into the whirling snow.

A neighbor had found a runaway team that he wished to leave in Jack's barn, for it was too much trouble to lead it through the storm.

"It is our team," exclaimed Uncle Ben. "We got out to walk, for Nellie feared her feet were freezing, and the team got away from us. We tried to find it, but the storm increased so furiously we couldn't see."

The neighbor and his companion were easily induced to come in and remain until daylight, which was now close at hand. They were needed as witnesses to the marriage ceremony, and even had the weather made driving a pleasure they could not have resisted so interesting an experience.

Four men and one woman sat down to the wedding breakfast, which consisted of baked beans, corn bread and coffee, and it is safe to say that never a wedding breakfast was eaten by a jollier company.

"And thus," said Jack, melodramatically, "eth a happy bachelor's New Year celebration."

Uncle Ben went back to his work in the city that day, for the hired team must be returned to its owners, and his poor people could not be neglected. But there were tears in his eyes as he thought of the little world of happiness he was leaving behind him—tears shed in self-pity—for Uncle Ben had never had a home. He smiled, however, when he recalled Jack's account of his search for recipes suited to a bachelor's holiday dinner, and Nellie's reassuring reply that there was sufficient material in the house for a plum pudding and a mince pie, too.

"I am happy enough," Jack had replied, "to dine like a king on cornmeal pancakes; perhaps Nellie's swell dinner would be more than this feeble heart of mine could bear."

"Don't take it to your heart, then," was Nellie's saucy response; "I want that place myself."

"Verily," said Uncle Ben, as he urged the horses into a trot, "verily, a dinner of herbs where love is—bless my soul, nags! can't you understand that I have a New Year sermon to preach to-day?" —Sidney Sieyes, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

BREAKING RESOLUTIONS.

A Custom Popular with Many Men at the Beginning of Every Year.

There is a custom among men, as venerable as it is popular, of making good resolutions with the advent of the new year and of faithfully breaking them before it is a week old. It is well to make good resolutions at any time, and there is no objection to New Year's day as one of the dates. As a rule, however, says the Chicago Journal, a man who cannot keep a good resolution in June will be no more successful with it in January, but it is wise of him to make it on New Year's day, if only on the chance of its keeping him decent a week. On this occasion, in addition to making his good resolutions regarding his personal conduct, it might not be amiss for the confirmed swearer-off to give a thought or two to his behavior to his neighbor. To forbear to lie; to scorn to cheat; to eschew avarice; to shun evil-speaking; to forswear the practice of equivocal business methods; to check rash temper and cease worrying over trivial things; to love the truth; to aid the friendless; to be kind to the little children; to be tolerant of the frailties of the weak—these are some of the ennobling aims.

It is a time to bury dead issues, to put away, decently and in order, impossible hopes and dreams and face the future with a strong courage and a bright heart. And with the forward look must come the conviction to every man who keeps his soul as well as his body clean that there is a blessing in the fields and the mountains and the sea, a stimulant in the very sunshine; that the world in which we live is a very beautiful place.

There can be no happiness in the world without unselfishness. Therefore, when you wish your friend a happy new year pray that he may be unselfish, and try to do something for others; for if he is human he can find happiness in no other way.

IN HARD LUCK.

Deadbroke—Lend me a dollar, will you?

Nojoke—I can't do it; you know I haven't even paid for my wife's New Year's present to me yet.

Explained.

"You advertised," said the gullible one, "that you had discovered the key to success."

"True," admitted the fakir.

"Well, it didn't help me a little bit."

"The reason for that," answered the fakir, pleasantly, "is that you have been buying the key instead of selling it. It has brought me success."—Chicago Post.

Give on New Year's Day.

In the Greek church New Year's takes the place of Christmas, so far as interchange of gifts is concerned. The father of a family gives to his wife and children presents of money which are carefully put away.

HAS LOTS OF NERVE.

Boy Sociologist Investigates the Cities of the Country.

Traveled from Jersey City to California and Back Without Contributing a Cent to the Treasuries of Railway Companies.

A 14-year-old boy who leaves his home and his school to travel through this country so that he may get material for a lecture, and who finds in Chicago enough material for a complete lecture, which he will deliver to the exclusion of what he learned about other cities in the United States, is more or less an unusual boy. But when at his ripe age of 14 he descants on the institutions he has found to be good and those he considers bad and writes in poor English, but undeniable earnestness, poems about his home and his parents, he has certainly proved his right to be judged as the only member of his class and as neither a boy tramp nor a hired boy courier.

The young man who has come into Chicago, and having studied the town for three days, has left to write his address about it is, according to the Chicago Tribune, one Abraham Levy, and he lives at 275 West Kinney street, New Jersey. He has never had money enough to spare at one time to have his photograph taken, but once he is seen he is like the falls of Niagara or the pyramids of the desert—impossible to forget. He is undersized even for 14, and his hair and eyes, and his hands for that matter, are as black as the best stove polish. He talks as rapidly as a phonograph at full speed. His father and mother live in Newark, and up to July 18 last he went to school in that town. Then he left without a word of warning and was next heard from in Troy, N. Y. He had come up along the Hudson under a freight train on the New York Central road, which is notoriously one of the most difficult roads in the country to beat for fare.

ABRAHAM LEVY.
(Boy Sociologist Who Investigated the Great West.)

He went across New York to the lakes, and then by quick jumps he made San Francisco and the other cities along the coast. Back again he came and the other day he arrived in Chicago. He was returning to New Jersey.

From the time he left Newark he had not spent one cent for car fare or food. Neither had he stolen as much as a penny's worth of anything. Against the habit of begging he had no scruples. He outlined his position on that question thus:

"As an American boy, I have a right to see my country and so learn to love it more. I do not think that when I ask a man or a woman for money to help me on my way I am imposing upon them. No person that I have asked has refused me. In Chicago I found they were very kind."

Levy intends to do something in the lecture field that no one has done so far. He has made a feature of the propaganda of truth about Chicago and a few other towns, about which he thinks the truth is yet to be told, and it is to spread this propaganda that he wants to get on a platform with a pitcher of water in front of him and with some dignfied chairman to introduce him to the attention of his hearers.

His travels have taken from him all touch of the parochial and the provincial. He is a cosmopolitan, and next year he intends to go abroad so that he will have a chance of comparing Chicago with Rome, Paris and London. He does not think he will find any town where there are more people on the street than there are here, and he likes to see big crowds.

The 14-year-old traveler and lecturer is much cast down because he lost the manuscript of one lecture he had completed. This address treated of conditions as they exist in California, in which state he found Los Angeles to be the best town he met in the far west. No author of ancient or modern times ever lost a manuscript under the circumstances that attended the loss of the lecture on California by Levy. It wasn't through lack of postage, or a wrong address, or the heartless cruelty of an editor that the world is deprived of a chance to hear that lecture. It is because Levy rode through North Dakota on the tender of a long freight train, and that his hands got cold. When they were in this condition the first lecture dropped from the car to the ground, and the train was going too fast to enable Levy to follow his treasure. He will take the utmost care of his lecture on Chicago.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

President Roosevelt Suggested for Honorary President of the Great Athletic Event of 1904.

President Roosevelt as honorary president of the international Olympian games to be held in Chicago in 1904! Baron Coubertin, of Paris, the great and moving spirit in the international Olympian committee, as well as its executive, has written a letter to President Roosevelt asking him to accept the honorary position. Ambassador Porter has been given the letter, and in due time it will be placed before the president.

That Baron Coubertin on more than one occasion has shown his exceedingly pronounced friendship for

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON.
(Chicago Head of the Olympian Games, to Be Held in 1904.)

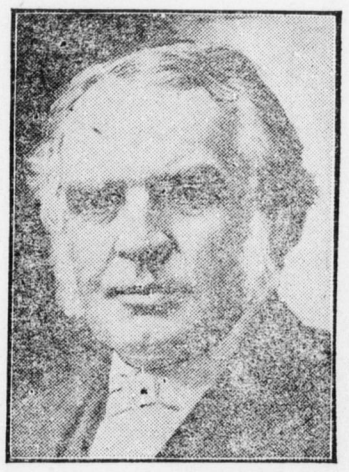
the United States, and especially for Chicago, is known to those who were most prominent in getting the Olympian games for that city. Europe did not desire the games to go to the new world. Eastern cities, New York and Philadelphia, had out their lobbyists for the games. But the baron had carefully studied the situation and had spoken so highly of this country and the world's fair city that Chicago easily won the fight. In Europe President Roosevelt is regarded as the wholesome type of athletic enthusiast. With the international games directly under the supervision of the nation's chief the foreigners will have great faith in the exercises at the stadium.

"Rooter in Washington for Harvard when the crimson met the blue; rooter on the side lines for the army team at Philadelphia when the West Pointers met the middies of Annapolis, and champion of all good healthy, manly sports, was and is Theodore Roosevelt," said a Chicago worker for the success of the Olympian games. "Why should not Mr. Roosevelt accept the position? We think he will."

RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.

Bishop Charles C. McCabe Believes In the Semi-Military Government of Churches.

Bishop Charles C. McCabe, who is being harshly criticised by several members of the Emmanuel Methodist Episcopal church in Evanston, Ill. (because of his alleged autocratic methods of church government), is noted for his plain and outspoken directnessof opinion and for the general sturdiness of his mind. He has been a minister of the gospel for upwards of 40 years, and came originally from Ohio, from which state he went to the civil war in the uniform of a fighting soldier. The future bishop backed up his political principles with



CHARLES M'CABE.
(One of the Most Forceful Bishops of the Methodist Church.)

bullets, and after serving his term in Libby prison he left the army because of the failure of his health. His first pastorate was a little church at Portsmouth, O. Bishop McCabe's principal distinction has been his remarkable success as a collector of funds for missionary purposes, and in that capacity he stands unrivaled in the ranks of American church workers. He is 64 years old.

Paternalism in Norway.

The paternal government of Norway has a fund of money amounting to about $500,000, which is loaned to farmers through the municipal officers to assist them in buying land. Such a proposition was advanced by the populists of Kansas some years ago and did not meet with any favor, but generally with ridicule. In Norway, however, it is actually in practice and small sums are loaned to industrious people at three per cent. interest for a term of 25 years to enable them to acquire farms and improve not only themselves, but the state.